飲水思源

BV 3420 .M2 O58 1919
O'Neill, Frederick William
Scott, 1870-1946.
The call of the East

THE CALL OF THE EAST

"The missionary enterprise now, as ever, is the great adventure of the Christian Church."

Louise Creighton.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
Princeton Theological Seminary Library

https://archive.org/details/callofeastsketch00onei_0

HIS EXCELLENCY CHENG TING WANG.

THE CALL OF THE EAST

SKETCHES FROM THE HISTORY OF
THE IRISH MISSION TO MANCHURIA
1869-1919

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
MAR 26 1920
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

BY THE REV.
F. W. S. O'NEILL, M.A.

WITH ELEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS ON ART PAPER

LONDON
JAMES CLARKE & CO.
13 & 14 FLEET STREET, E.C. 4

TO

DENIS AND TERENCE

NOTE

On the occasion of the jubilee of the Manchuria Mission of the Irish Presbyterian Church, and at the suggestion of the Conveners of the Foreign Mission, these sketches have been put together, largely from the pages of *The Missionary Herald* and, to some extent, from *Woman's Work*. The book is intended for the members of the Young People's Guild and for general reading, its aim being to present a picture, however incomplete, of certain outstanding events of the history, and some principal phases of the work, of the last fifty years.

While, in the main, the arrangement followed is in accordance with chronological order, nevertheless each chapter is meant to be complete in itself, a plan which should be of service for purposes of study.

Free use has been made of the following, with other relevant literature: Mrs. Christie's beautiful booklet (now out of print), "A Corner of the East"; Robertson, "Our Mission in Manchuria"; Webster, "Times of Blessing in Manchuria"; Ross, "Mission Methods in Manchuria"; Costain, "Life of Dr. Arthur Jackson"; Nairne, "Yarns on Heroes of China"; and Campbell Brown, "Children of China." Boyd, "Manchuria and our Mission There," gives a competent and

reliable survey of the I. P. Mission up to the date of its publication, 1908.

Scottish and Irish Presbyterians being so closely linked together on the field, the inspiring story of Dr. Arthur Jackson will not, it is hoped, be considered out of place in this attempt to interest the coming generation in our Commander's doings at the distant Front.

September, 1919.

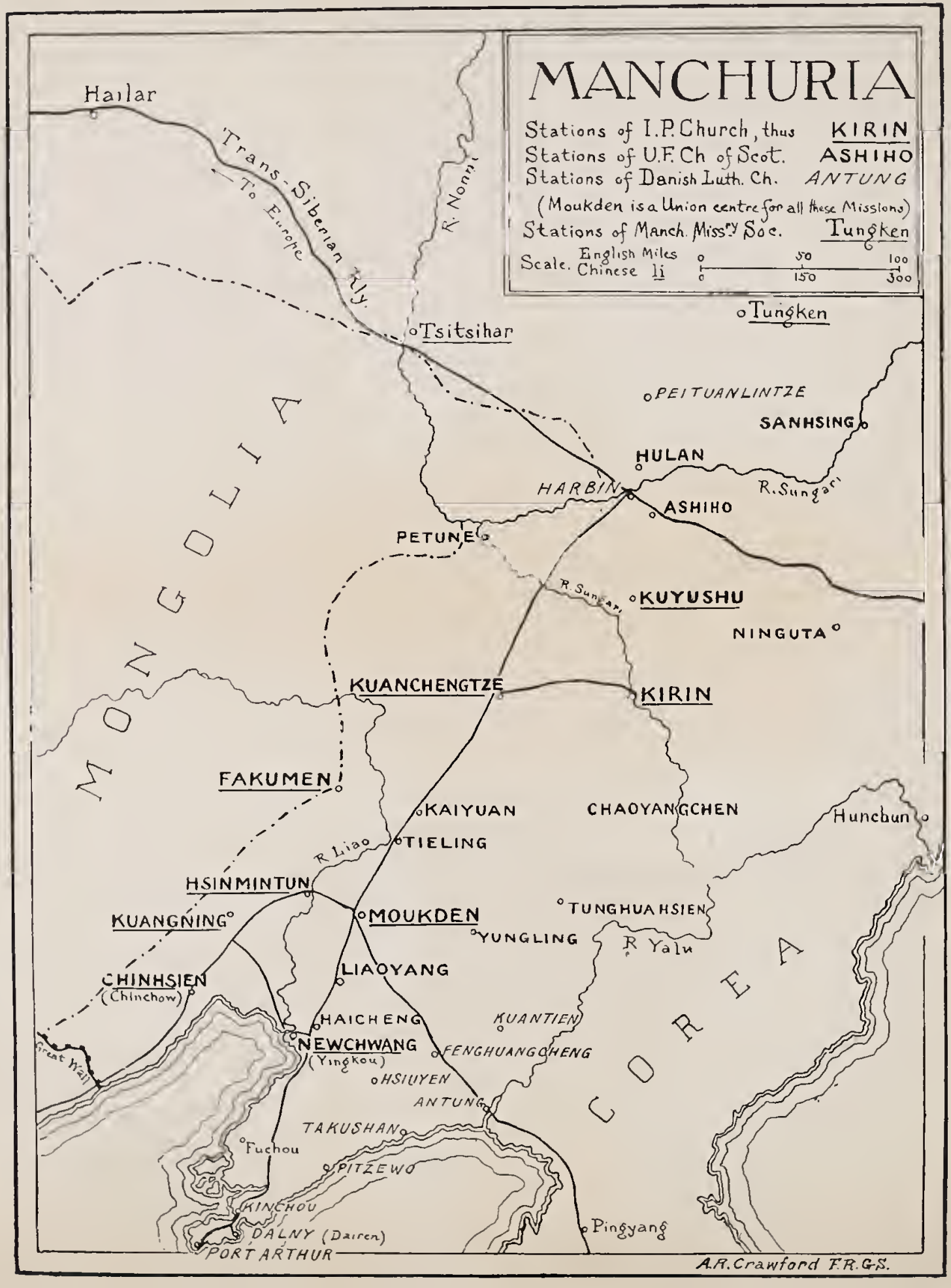
CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	NOTE	5
I.	SPYING OUT THE LAND	9
II.	THE BARRED GATE	19
III.	THE DREAMER AWAKES	28
IV.	TRIAL BY FIRE	39
V.	THE CITADEL OF THE KINGDOM	49
VI.	A RUSHING, MIGHTY WIND	58
VII.	THE PEOPLE OF THE BOOK	67
VIII.	FROM THE EAST	79
XI.	FROM THE WEST	92
X.	THE STRUGGLE AHEAD	108
	TABLE OF DATES	119
	LIST OF MISSIONARIES, 1918	122
	STATISTICS FOR 1918	123
	SOME COMPARISONS	127
	QUESTIONS ON THE CHAPTERS	127
	BRIEF BIBLIOGRAPHY	130

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

HIS EXCELLENCY CHENG TING WANG - -	*Frontispiece*	
	FACING PAGE	
MAP OF MANCHURIA - - - - -		9
MR. SUNG OF KIRIN AND FAMILY - - -		20
THE RAW MATERIAL - - - - -		28
THE IMPORTUNATE WIDOW - - - -		40
A BUDDHIST PRIEST - - - - -		50
"WE DON'T LIKE BEING PHOTOGRAPHED" / "TWO LITTLE EARS TO HEAR HIS WORD" - -		68
ELDER TENG OF CHINCHOW - - - -		80
FOUR GENERATIONS OF CHRISTIANS / MRS. MARTHA CHANG AND HER DAUGHTER - -		92

Issued by the General Assembly's Committee on the Arrangement of Missionary Conferences.


MANCHURIA
Stations of I.P. Church, thus KIRIN
Stations of U.F. Ch of Scot. ASHIHO
Stations of Danish Luth. Ch. ANTUNG
(Moukden is a Union centre for all these Missions)
Stations of Manch. Miss.y Soc. Tungken
Scale. English Miles 0 50 100
Chinese li 0 150 300
Hailar
Trans-Siberian Rly.
To Europe
R. Nonni
Tsitsihar
Tungken
PEITUANLINTZE
SANHSING
HULAN
HARBIN
R. Sungari
ASHIHO
PETUNE
KUYUSHU
NINGUTA
KUANCHENGTZE
KIRIN
MONGOLIA
FAKUMEN
KAIYUAN
CHAOYANGCHEN
Hunchun
R. Liao
TIELING
HSINMINTUN
KUANGNING
MOUKDEN
TUNGHUA HSIEN
YUNGLING
R. Yalu
CHINHSIEN
(Chinchow)
LIAOYANG
HAICHENG
KUANTIEN
NEWCHWANG
(Yingkou)
FENGHUANGCHENG
Great Wall
HSIUYEN
ANTUNG
TAKUSHAN
Fuchou
PITZEWO
KINCHOU
DALNY (Dairen)
PORT ARTHUR
Pingyang
COREA
A.R. Crawford F.R.G.S.

THE CALL OF THE EAST

CHAPTER I

SPYING OUT THE LAND

"Herein is the saying true, one soweth and another reapeth."

"Because I seek Thee not, O seek Thou me;
Because my lips are dumb, O hear the cry
I do not utter as Thou passest by,
And from my life-long bondage set me free."

THE tattered sailors were hauling up the big lateen sail. As the old wooden junk with its two eyes facing north was about to head for Newchwang, the foreign passenger stepped over to the Chinese captain.

"What is the fare?" asked the passenger.

"Nothing," replied the captain. "If you were sailing to Manchuria to make money you would not travel on this poor junk. You are going to do good. I'll take no money."

The passenger, the Rev. W. C. Burns,* was dressed in Chinese clothing, and carried hardly any luggage. He landed at the port of Newchwang in the autumn of 1867, the first Protestant missionary to Manchuria. The small house he rented for a preaching hall and living-rooms was in a back lane. So much did he like preaching

* Of the English Presbyterian Mission.

that he could go on for hours. And the Chinese passers-by, who came in to sit for a while and smoke their long pipes and listen, liked to hear him. Sometimes a little boy would look in at the door, shout, "Foreign devil!" and dart away again.

But the brave pioneer was worn by his years of labour in different parts of China. Once his Scottish mother wrote to him: "You are a knife that must be worn out by cutting, not by rusting." He was pleased as he read the letter, lying ill on a hard bed in the tiny back-room. In that unhealthy place he lay for three months, sometimes repeating a Psalm over quietly to himself, sometimes instructing his Chinese assistant. When one day he laughed, the assistant asked him why, and he replied: "God was speaking with me, and this made my heart glad." And then the saint and hero passed peacefully away.

"His religion must have been true," remarked a heathen friend. "All he got for coming was a grave, and that he could have had anywhere."

When the box containing his few things was opened afterwards in England, a child was standing by. "He must have been very poor," said the child.

Before his death, Burns had appealed to the Irish Presbyterian Church to go in and take possession of the wide land of Manchuria for Christ. In the village of Dromara among the hills of Co. Down, a zealous minister* had been praying with others on behalf of the millions of China. Here was the answer.

* The Rev. W. J. Patton.

"Will you send men into this unopened province?" urged Burns.

"Yes, we will," answered the leaders of the Irish Church.

Two men, Dr. J. Hunter and the Rev. H. Waddell, came forward and were solemnly set apart for the work to which God had called them. On the voyage they encountered a typhoon in the treacherous China Sea. High above the mast-head rose the waves. The little steamer was nearly lost. But the storm passed, and the travellers arrived safely in the new land in the spring of 1869.

Lying on the mud flats beside the broad Liao River, Newchwang seemed to Mr. Waddell one of the most wretched and miserable places he had ever seen—the main street being without footpath of any kind, on both sides lined with small dealers, poulterers, cobblers, smiths, who carry on their business in the open air in front of the larger shops. The houses are "flat-roofed, one-story high, built of mud, plastered with mud, roofed with mud, and surrounded with a fence of mud."

Mr. Waddell's health compelled him to return to Ireland, and in 1874 the Rev. James Carson took his place. In the busy Port there was much to be done, but the pioneers never intended to confine their labours to the entrance-door of the Province. As soon as the language was mastered they determined to push on into the interior.

Early in 1875, Dr. Hunter paid his first visit to Kuanchengtze, a large city in the north, travelling as the Chinese cart crawls about three miles an

hour and ten hours a day.* At the bridge in Fakumen a number of heads were hanging by their pigtails to a pole, showing that highwaymen had been caught and put to death. Reaching his destination on a bitterly cold day, he went to an inn.

" May we come in ?" asked the servant.

" No, there is no room in the inn," was the rude reply, because the inn-keeper did not wish to accommodate the foreign white man. At the other inns it was the same, until at last a room was found in a poor lodging-house for the missionary with his carters and assistants. As there was no fire, they bought and heated charcoal. What excruciating pains they suffered from the fumes ! Next day was Christmas, and such a day of misery it was that they decided to turn homewards.

Next year the doctor spent nearly three months on a journey of 2,200 miles, in which he managed to reach the banks of the great Amur River in the far north, the very " confines of heathendom." On the opposite bank was a Russian town with two churches and a merry-go-round. The night was spent with a Chinaman " who knew the story of the Israelites in Egypt as well as I did," wrote Dr. Hunter—" one of the nicest persons I ever met." Thus the Irish Presbyterian Church " has been honoured to carry one end of the Gospel chain round the world to meet the other end in the hands of the Greek Church, and, in the person of a Chinaman in one of the uttermost parts of the earth, to link the two ends together."

On another occasion the doctor made his way

* There were no railways in those days.

to a still more inaccessible place, Hunchun, at the north-east corner of the Empire, close to Russia and in full view of closed Korea. There was no money in that spot.

" How much did your hat cost ?" inquired the doctor of the boy who brought in his food.

" One piece of cloth," said the boy. In payment for books bought, a man handed out four pounds of flour. So intense was the cold that Dr. Hunter's feet swelled and his hands were frost-bitten and ulcerated. On the road there was no food in the inns. " When we got to the bottom of a hill on our return, one of the carters went on his knees and gave the hill a *kotow* for our safe descent, and then vowed to me he never would come back." At the margin of that hunger-bitten region, the three Chinese who were with the doctor had a first-rate meal, consuming along with other victuals one hundred and ten meat balls !

The first really dangerous journey he made was over the perilous mountains and the frozen snow to Ninguta, east of Kirin. " The day before we reached Kirin, twenty-eight robbers had been beheaded. We saw the heads, and, as we passed the execution-ground, the dogs and crows were busy at the bodies. When on the road we found that the robbers were out in hundreds, and that like a swarm of locusts, they had made provisions disappear. I was reduced to my last bit of bread, and had eaten it when happily we got out of the disturbed region.

" But amid all these dangers, the worst we saw was the wolves, which were bold enough to show

themselves on the road or by the roadside in daylight. The real danger was in crossing the mountains, one range of which was probably nearly 5,000 feet high. The cold was intense. Flakes of ice about one's mouth are an everyday thing in cold weather here, but I never saw the eye-lashes frosted till on this journey. It was so curious to meet people with a beautiful fringe of white shading the dark eyes.

"What of a little hardship when the Gospel was carried to where, as far as I know, it has been hid since the beginning of the world! We had the second largest sale at Ninguta of any place we have been to. Oh, to follow Paul—bravest of the brave—and enter into rest, satisfied, like him, that we tried to do our duty."

Not content with long tours over the hills and prairies of Manchuria, Dr. Hunter one summer faced north-west among the Mongols, four hundred miles beyond Tsitsihar. The Mongol tent "is formed of reeds, which can be rolled up in bundles if a removal is necessary. Of course it is shared by the sucking calves, and even in daylight is infested by mosquitoes. When the tent is covered with Mongol home-made blankets in winter, and filled with the smoke of cow-dung, which is their only fuel, it must be an unpleasant habitation. The life of a Mongol seemed to me one of extreme misery. The country itself is very lovely. Think of acre upon acre and mile upon mile of deep blue, light blue, purple, violet, red, and white, flowers; and that when standing among them you are knee-deep in them all set in a sea of emerald. Had I not feared the Chinese

would think I was worshipping the earth or that I was mad, I would have fallen on my knees to praise the great Creator of such wonders.

" But in all human things there is the inevitable dead fly. This lovely bit of earth is infested by the hornet. An attack of hornets is indescribable. We shut ourselves in a room, and setting fire to cow-dung filled the place with smoke. Piles of manure and weeds were burned to raise a smoke for our poor mules to hide in. One of the carters got bitten, and his mouth was the most horrible sight I ever saw. The blood streamed from the mules, and they came into the very house seeking help from man. Weak horses died. At one place I managed my evening meal by standing outside, while with a piece of bread in my hand, I defended myself with the other; then having swallowed my chocolate, I leaped on the bed and hid under the blankets, while they made a fire of green grass, which proved a very great success, for we slept with the window open. Next day the cart-wheels raised the mosquitoes from the grass in clouds, like the dust of the carriage-wheels on a hot day in Ireland.

" As far as I saw of the Mongols, they are by no means as friendly to strangers as the Chinese. They are much addicted to taking sips of raw whiskey. They are a very religious people. In a family of sons, two out of three are made lamas. A lama is a monk with a shaved head, dressed in brilliant colours—the prevailing being yellow and red. He lives a life of idleness, and as he consumes the usual quantity of victuals, somebody must work to support him."

Dr. Hunter had not only the courage and perseverance required in a pioneer, but he had also the faculty of observation. Southward of the Port, in a ruined city, he came upon the most remarkable temple he had seen in China. The gods, devils, and what not, were gay in their new paint and gilding. In the court of *Yen-wang*, the god of hell, there was a group of figures showing the sinner with a hook stuck in his back being weighed on a steelyard. A description of the various punishments would read like a catalogue of horrors. Souls were being boiled in pans, ground in mills, sawn asunder, disembowelled, having their tongues cut out, impaled, beheaded. A striking feature of the whole representation was the number of evildoers; and the proportion of women to men seemed to be about eight out of ten. The end of the gallery of figures had a wheel-of-fortune, showing the transmigration of souls. Men, brought on the world again, were thrown off by the wheel in sets, born as animals, or birds, or fish, or insects, or men of different ranks. "Really," concludes the doctor, "it would be hard to say what the Chinese believe in, for they seem to believe in anything and everything but the Gospel."

Slow of heart to accept the Truth indeed they were. It was less easy to resist the influence of the foreigner's healing art. A wounded man had been carried seven miles in a basket, with a basin to catch the blood. He was all but dead.

"What happened to him?" asked Dr. Hunter of the bearers.

"He was shooting wild goose, when the old gun burst and blew off his hand."

After examining the mass of rags and bones where his hand had been, the doctor performed an operation, and then, as the patient's life hung by a thread, stayed up all night to watch him. In a couple of days he was out of danger. He was a religious man, who would not eat beef, and who, when at home, burned incense to his god every day.

During his busy term in China of fifteen years without a furlough, the doctor saved many a life and relieved all kinds of suffering. But his own life he could not save. In the service of others his strength gave way. On the voyage home to Ireland, in 1884, he died and was buried in the sea he had always loved.

The work of the pioneers, breaking up the fallow ground, was done in faith. At all costs, the seed must be sown. It was in later years that the harvest came. Mr. Li, who had known Dr. Hunter well and had been a patient of his, only joined the Church twenty-eight years after the doctor's death.

"How comes it that you, a descendant of the famous disciple of Confucius, are lending yourself to this foreigner to undermine the faith of your fathers?"

The speaker, a respected gentleman, Mr. Sun, was privately questioning the assistant of the Rev. T. C. Fulton, who had gone to Kuanchengtze in 1886, the year after his arrival in the country, to open a street-chapel. From morning till night, while he was there, an immense inquisitive crowd

filled the inn-yard. To Mr. Sun's question the assistant, as yet unbaptized, timidly replied:

"I only do it for a living."

"Has this foreigner a passport?" pursued the gentleman.

"Oh yes, and it is properly stamped by the Chinese authorities."

The gentleman was impressed. From that time, though remaining an outsider, he was a staunch friend of the Mission. But twenty-seven years passed before he finally gave up the worship of the ancestors of his very old family, and became an open follower of Christ.

Had the pioneers a plan? Yes, they followed the twofold plan of the greatest missionary to the heathen. The Apostle Paul aimed at planting the Kingdom in the populous cities, the strategic centres, of Western Asia and Eastern Europe. Having gained a foothold in Rome, the capital of the world, he even meant, if possible, to push on to Spain. Adopting the same method, the Manchurian missionaries in their campaign endeavoured to gain the large cities first.

Again, wherever the little congregations of disciples grew up, the Apostle appointed elders to lead them, and he expected the Christians, one and all, to make the Gospel known among their own people. So in Manchuria, of the thousands who have abandoned their idols, very few have been directly influenced by the strange preachers from abroad. From the beginning, our plan has been to win China by means of the Chinese themselves.

CHAPTER II

THE BARRED GATE

"He is the Saviour of the body."

"That Good Physician liveth yet
Thy friend and guide to be;
The Healer by Gennesaret
Shall walk the rounds with thee."

BETWEEN the pine-clad mountains and the winding waters of the Sungari, the city of Kirin, the second capital, has a more delightful situation than any other city in Manchuria. Its size attracted the soldiers of Christ. And so did its stubborn hostility. For, though it was possible to pay visits, no foreigner was permitted to reside there. The gate of entrance was not quite barred: it was ajar

The gate was pushed open at the point of the lancet by Dr. J. A. Greig. He had hardly arrived two months in the country, when, in 1889, with Mr. Carson, he paid his first memorable visit to the inhospitable city. After three hours' search, they secured a smoky, dirty, and draughty room. Glad they were to find any resting place.

"What is that dreadful noise?" asked Mr. Carson, as startling screams came from the far side of the inn-yard.

"Only my daughter-in-law possessed with a devil," replied the inn-keeper. "She is being cured by a sorcerer."

When the missionaries went across to see if they could help the sufferer, the sight they met was ghastly. A poor young woman, held down on the *kang*, or bed, by several strong men, was writhing in agony. Two large needles were sticking through her upper lip, and others were being forced up under her finger-nails. Some of the largest veins in the arm had just been opened, and the dark, healthy blood was pouring out.

" Look at its colour, it is well to let it out," cried the foolish onlookers, who crowded the room. Against this fiendish cruelty the missionaries pleaded in vain. The sorcerer, with incense burning before him, drew the evil spirit out of the woman, slapped himself on the forehead, and gulped down the devil! During the night, the tortured woman obtained a welcome release in death. She had been ill with fever and had been delirious. This was supposed to be possession by a devil.

A couple of years later, the half-closed gate of the city seemed almost to swing wide open. Here is how it received a vigorous thrust. A very rich Kirin merchant, Mr. Yi, was stricken blind. All that money could do to restore his sight was tried without avail. In his extremity he threw himself on the care of Dr. Greig, and was invited to Kuanchengtze, where the doctor then lived. Mr. Yi's friends did their best to dissuade him.

" He will take your eyes out," said one.

" He will give you sleeping medicine from which you will never awake," said another. Mr. Yi's reply was simply:

MR. SUNG, OF KIRIN, AND FAMILY.

"I am a blind man, and I cannot be worse than that."

To the hospital he went, to be operated on for cataract. His sight was completely restored. With the help of spectacles, he could read the smallest print. "His joy," wrote Dr. Greig, "now knows no bounds. He goes round and round the room peering at everything, and struts up and down triumphantly shaking his head. He calls me his second father, which is the greatest compliment a Chinaman can pay."

The miraculous cure created a sensation. It was discussed in official circles all over the province. With a large military guard, Mr. Yi returned to Kirin, where he gave a banquet lasting three days. Among the guests were officers and magistrates of all ranks. And surely it was meet to make merry and be glad.

But instead of the gate opening wider, it swung to with a bang. The doctor was very nearly murdered. Returning to his home in Kuanchengtze from one of his monthly errands of mercy in Kirin, he was asleep in a village inn on the road. About midnight he was rudely awakened by the grip of a strong hand upon his throat. A party of soldiers surrounded him and began a violent assault by beating him with the backs of their sword blades. Then throwing him on the floor of an outside room, they twisted his hands behind his back, and bound him with a rope, loading him with curses all the while. As he lay face downwards in his pyjamas on the earthern floor, a ruffian planted his foot on the doctor's neck.

"Where is my child?" shouted one of his tormentors.

"I do not know," the doctor answered faintly.

Thereupon they became still more furious, redoubling their blows. Next he was bound tightly hand and foot, hoisted up and lashed firmly to a post suspended by the arms. Several times the soldiers tapped him on the neck with the cold steel, as if meaning to behead him. One, more cruel than the rest, made a cut in his hand, saying: "I want a piece of your skin."

Suffering agony, he swooned away. They dashed cold water in his face to restore him. Repeatedly he begged for a drink of water, but in vain. At last in the morning, after four hours of torture, the doctor was unbound. Helpless, he lay on the hard *kang*, until in the evening he was removed under guard back to Kirin. For three days he remained a prisoner insulted by the mob. At the end of that time, the intervention of the British authorities in Newchwang and Peking procured his release. During those painful days, many of the doctor's Chinese friends were not afraid to come forward with presents, showing that his two years' labour was not fruitless. It was through Mr. Yi that the telegram to the British Consul was despatched.

Why did the Governor-General's soldiers act so fiendishly? Simply because they fancied Dr. Greig had kidnapped a schoolboy. Of course they had made a terrible mistake. After the assault the doctor was so ill that he was ordered to return to Ireland for a year. Our whole Church was stirred with sympathy and sorrow, and at

the same time with gratitude to God for the marvellous escape. An Irish gentleman made a thankoffering of £20 to pay a year's salary of a Chinese evangelist to be placed in Kirin, as the best way of taking revenge on the city in connection with which the assault had been committed.

After Dr. Greig went back to China, he succeeded in securing a house in the barred city. Before the hostile Manchu officials had made arrangements to prevent his settling there, the doctor and his wife had already, in January, 1893, taken peaceable possession of Kirin in the name of King Jesus.

But the enemy had not surrendered. He was only biding his time. Two years later he made a final attempt to close the opened gate. This time the sufferer was Mr. Sung, " the first trophy of Divine grace in Kirin." Dr. Greig had been praying earnestly for a Chinese helper, when one morning a stranger appeared for treatment in his dispensary. A whisper in the doctor's heart said: " Here is the answer to your prayers." It was Mr. Sung. For many years he had been a devout leader of the " Fairy Heaven " sect, much given to prayer and fasting. He became a Christian, not only renouncing his former faith, but also resigning a good position as manager of a grain store, in order to become a preacher of the Gospel at one-third of his previous salary.

The Chinese Government having permitted a Mission Hospital site to be obtained, Mr. Sung had sold a piece of his land to Dr. Greig. For this daring act he was arrested and brought for trial before the Mayor of Kirin. It was a bleak

wintry night, with the snow falling heavily. The culprit knelt on the cold pavement of the open *yamen.*

" Have you sold your property to the foreign devils ?" shouted the Mayor angrily. " Do you not know that in so doing you are opposing the wishes of the mandarins, and, indeed, of all classes ?"

" I have acted," was the polite reply, " in accordance with the treaty between England and China."

" Why did you not inform the authorities ?" pursued the irate Chief Magistrate.

" Dr. Greig duly informed the officials of the transaction."

" Beat him !" thundered the Mayor.

In a moment the culprit's lower garments were stripped off. One soldier sat on his shoulders as he lay prostrate, face downwards, upon the icy pavement. Another soldier held his legs, a third held his queue, while a fourth stood by counting the hundred strokes, laid on viciously with a wooden ferule across the right thigh. A weaker man would have lost consciousness under the brutal blows.

Faint and bleeding, Mr. Sung was again placed before the Judge.

" Are you a Christian ?" he inquired.

" Yes," replied Mr. Sung in a weak voice.

" Do you know there are no Christians in this province, and none wanted ? And you dare to bring these cursed devils and their religion here ! Have Christians any consciences ? Do they obey their parents ? Do they not permit men and

women to mix freely together ? You are a devil's slave. And the devils must follow you everywhere you go, even into my *yamen !*"

For Dr. Greig and the Rev. A. R. Crawford were standing in the crowd, witnesses of everything, as is the right of the public in China.

Then, to sum up, the Mayor changed his tune, strange to say, and praised Medical Mission work, adding that Dr. Greig was a good man, beloved by the poor.

The trial was over. Subsequently, with the assistance of the representatives of Britain, the case was settled. The man who had brought a false charge against Mr. Sung about the boundary of the land was ordered to be beaten. On the morning the punishment was to be carried out, the evangelist begged that the penalty should be merely nominal, and that no actual pain should be inflicted. The British Consul was pleased, and accordingly, when the guilty man had made an ample apology and received one stroke across the back with a whip, the Consul said he was satisfied.

At the opening of Kirin Hospital in 1897, the best speech and the shortest was made by the evangelist, who had so bravely borne his unjust punishment and had shown such magnanimous forgiveness. This was the speech: "I have nothing to say. The Lord has been very mindful of us. We must give all the glory to Him and to Him alone." And all the people present said, "*Amen.*"

Since those days the influence of the Hospital in Kirin has grown, until now the fame of "Gao Daifo" (as the doctor's name is in Chinese) has

spread throughout the land. Some time after the Boxer rising, a man named Yin Hsi appeared at the Hospital in a pitiable plight. Robber-soldiers having burned his house and killed his comrade, he lay on the frozen ground all night sobbing like a child and wishing to die. In the morning both his feet were frozen and already gangrenous. In a few weeks the dead feet dropped off, leaving protruding bones. " The only place," said Yin Hsi, " where they could heal my putrefying sores is at Kirin Hospital, and alas ! that was burnt to the ground by the Boxers. Perhaps, however, the poor man's friend may have come back." On inquiry he learnt, to his joy, that the missionaries had returned. To make his way to Kirin was no easy task. He had no money. He could not walk. But he was not to be daunted. For his hands he made wooden shoes, and for his knees leather pads. Wrapping the suppurating stumps of his legs in cotton, he set out for the capital, begging for food as he went. He could only crawl a mile or a mile and a half a day, and he had seventy miles to go. Rain sometimes made the roads so muddy that he could not move. Sometimes for five or ten miles there was not a house, and so he had to sleep on the ground with a stone for his pillow. After nearly three months on the road, he succeeded in reaching Kirin and threw himself at Dr. Greig's feet. He was promptly admitted to the hospital, and his food supplied free of charge. Two operations under chloroform were necessary to remove the diseased tissue. Eventually all his sores were soundly healed. On leaving he declared that the three

months he had spent in the hospital were the happiest in his life. He could not read, but the Gospel was read to him daily. He was especially interested in the miracles of healing of our Saviour.

No Mission station is complete unless it has two doctors, one for men and one for women. Yet some of our stations have no doctor at all. Kirin is well equipped, having for the women, Dr. Emma Crooks. A few years ago Dr. Crooks was dispensing in a village, when a girl came to implore the doctor to save her brother's life. He was dying of tuberculosis, and suffering most acute pain in the leg. Dr. Greig had seen him in Kirin, and told him that the only hope was to have the limb removed. This he absolutely refused to have done. Having now lain for some months, his father and sister saw there was no help for it. Would Dr. Crooks not remove the leg at once ? In vain she remonstrated that she had only brought medicines and had no surgical instruments with her. Again and again the girl came pleading. Deputations from the Church members assailed the doctor every few hours. At last, with a Chinese saw, two or three forceps raked up from a medicine shop in the village, a a few strips of cloth, and some native wine as disinfectant, she performed the operation on the counter of the little shop attached to the inn where the sick man was staying. Wonderful to relate, the operation was successful !

" Such work as yours," said a Russian General to Dr. Greig, " is genuine Christianity, and must win in the long run."

CHAPTER III

THE DREAMER AWAKES

" The fields are white already unto harvest."

" All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

" He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God our Father,
Who doeth all things well."

" Has he any knees ?" Two men in long blue gowns were chatting in the crowd, as they watched the foreigner selling Gospels on the main street. Wriggling up to the preacher, one or two bent down to inspect his legs, and then shouted: " He *has* knees." They imagined that, because the strangers walked so fast, they had no knees.

" His eyes have a bad colour," said another critic. Blue eyes are unknown among the Celestials. A half-naked child called out, " Big Nose !" and " Big Noses " we remain to this day. The face of the Mongol or Chinese type is flat and the nose small. The funniest name for the foreigner is " Red Moustache," which is now used to denote highway-robbers; the nastiest name is, of course, " Yang Kweitzu," or " Foreign Devil."

THE RAW MATERIAL.

Our appearance, our clothing, and our ways, are to them so very peculiar. But the strangest thing of all is that we should wish to teach the Celestials. A group of listeners was standing around a missionary when a farmer rode by. Jumping down from his horse, he paused a moment, and exclaimed as he rode off: "The impudence! Coming here pretending to teach *us!*"

No wonder they are astonished at our impudence. A thousand years before Rome was founded, the Chinese were civilized and prosperous. They carried out engineering enterprises before Abraham left Ur of the Chaldees. Five hundred years before Caxton taught Europe the art of printing, they already had printed books. Their great sage, Confucius, lived five centuries before our Lord came to earth. The plough they use to-day in their carefully tended fields looks as if it might have come out of the Ark.

Then there are so many of these hard-working people. If you could watch them tramping past a given point all day and all night, you would hear the ceaseless tramp for nearly thirteen years. Naturally they are surprised at the barbarians from the outer fringes of the world trying to instruct *them.*

But try we must. For they need deliverance from their enemies. One of their chief enemies is fear. "Beat it, beat it harder!" shrieks the old granny, and the poor little dying babe is slapped and pounded black and blue. If not beaten, then the spirit of the infant might be anxious to return and be born in another child

of the family, and cheat them by dying again. Terror of the spirits, terror of evil beings, terror of the dead, terror even of the living, keeps them subject to bondage.

"My disobedient son has eaten the foreign medicine. He has ceased to reverence his parents. He believes the English religion. Who will burn incense and offer worship to our ancestors after I am gone? The spirits of our ancestors are angry. Evil will assuredly befall us." Thus the father mourned in his sorrow. Jesus said it would be so. "A man's foes shall be they of his own household."

The way of deliverance was nigh at hand. Yet for years it remained unheeded. When it was clearly pointed out their sleepy eyes failed to see it. Their own ancient teaching seemed to them right and sufficient. Said a religious man, who, for his soul's good, would not eat meat: "I am a vegetarian. I can do no wrong."

After nine years of evangelistic and medical work, only two Chinese had joined our church. In Ireland there was even talk of giving up the Mission and withdrawing the pioneers from ground that was so stony. But the advance guard never once thought of retiring. They held bravely on, and by degrees there came a change. The sleeper began to rub his eyes. At last one day, while still half-asleep, he received a rude shock. With a start he awoke.

It was the Japanese who gave him the shock. In 1894 they went to war with China, and by the following year they had swept away the armies and annihilated the fleet of their giant neighbour.

Was it really possible that puny Japan, with one-tenth of the giant's population, could be victorious? A proclamation issued by the Chinese General at Newchwang said the Dwarfs were causing trouble. "What difficulty shall I have in overcoming the futile opposition of these tiny Japanese? If the Japanese repent of their crimes and submit to the Emperor, he will treat them with clemency, for his benevolence is all-embracing."

The Emperor, however, had no opportunity of showing his clemency, for he had to submit to the despised Dwarfs. The Emperor's soldiers were badly equipped. Some of them had been furnished with bullets of wood, instead of lead, by a corrupt official, who wished to become rich by stealing from the public purse. The soldiers were also badly behaved. Some Manchu regiments from Kirin were passing through Liaoyang on their way to the field of battle, when they wrecked the chapel and set upon the Scottish missionary, the Rev. J. A. Wylie. His jaw was broken, his teeth knocked out, and he was so severely wounded that in a few days he died. Liu, the silversmith, stuck to the Padre valiantly, supporting him when stunned, and even lying over him so as to receive on his own body the blows meant for the missionary. Mr. Wylie was the first martyr for the Truth in Manchuria.

The Celestial Empire awoke from sleep and was ashamed. Why had the tiny Dwarfs gained such an easy victory? Was it not because they had adopted foreign methods and European education? In a tract approved by Imperial

edict, one of the powerful Chinese Viceroys flung out some rousing words. "Know the shame of not being like Japan," he wrote. "Know the fear that we will become as India and Poland. Oh, ye long-robed and begirdled Confucianists, it is your duty to instruct the modern people and not be fools yourselves, lest the men from beyond the seas sneer at you behind your backs!"

Thus it came to pass that the people turned to the foreigner for instruction. The haughty pride, which had hitherto been their curse, began to crumble to pieces. "Blessed are the empty-hearted," is the Chinese version of the first Beatitude. The Kingdom of Heaven is for those who are willing to stoop down low, to be empty of the pride of self, to become as little children. This, the most wonderful of all revolutions, had begun in the mysterious Chinese heart.

The provinces "east of the barrier," where most of the battles had been fought, felt the change first. Through the whole of Southern Manchuria, men who formerly regarded us with contempt, were pressing hard to gain admission into the Christian Church. Before the war, the tide was already flowing in our favour. But it was after the war that the rush came. Although the preparation of catechumens was careful and prolonged, the Irish Mission alone in 1899 was able to record 2,529 baptisms. The following year there were about 20,000 baptized Christians in the Church of Manchuria.*

* In 1891 the Scottish and Irish Presbyterians united to form one Chinese Church. This union, growing in strength with the years, has been one of the causes of the success in Manchuria.

The burden upon the missionaries was well-nigh unbearable. The vast region west of Moukden, including the present centres of Kuangning, Hsinmintun, and Fakumen, was opened by the Rev. T. C. Fulton, whose tireless zeal drove him to the limit of human endurance. "The Home Church trusts us," he would say. "We must be faithful to the trust." Toiling seven days in the week, with little or no regard for holiday seasons, he set an example of service to the younger men that few could live up to. His graphic letters in the *Missionary Herald*, with the marvellous story they unfolded of the great ingathering, helped to bring about the advance in home support, which has been so marked a feature of the last thirty years. It was the reading of those letters that led at least one student to choose China as his field.*

"Padre, I am busy all day long cobbling shoes to earn a living. How have I time to learn the Doctrine?" The dirty-looking speaker is being questioned by the missionary. For over nine months the old cobbler has been trying to learn by

For each of three successive years, the united Church reported over 2,000 baptisms, the number for 1898 rising to 5,524.

For the sake of those who have only seen infants admitted to the Church, it should perhaps be added that most of those baptized in the Mission were grown-up people, who had spent months in learning about Jesus.

* On one journey in 1897, Mr. Fulton baptized 299 persons not representing "any part of the present rush, for they had been on probation for a long time." A single visit to each station of his immense diocese resulted in 481 admissions to the Church.

heart the small Catechism. He can repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. But, alas! he cannot read. When a boy, he was a year at school, and then had to herd pigs. Now he has forgotten all he learnt at school. "Not even one big word do I recognize," is the way he puts it. The Padre is patient. The old cobbler is evidently in earnest. The evangelist of the place and the deacons give him a good character.

"All right, let us admit him into the Church," is the Padre's verdict.

When the village congregation comes together in the evening for worship, the Padre first teaches them to sing.

"*Do*, *re*, *mi*, *fa*—no, that *fa* is wrong. Try again. *Fa-a-a*. Now then, *do*, *re*. Wait, wait. All together. *Do-o*, *re-e*, *mi-i*, *fa*. Oh, that won't do. The *fa* is difficult. Once more."

Cheerfully they shout. They are delighted. So would we be, if they could sing in tune. But at any rate they are less bashful than Irish congregations, for they *all* are willing to try. It is a new accomplishment for them. Among themselves, singing in our sense is unknown. Christianity has, therefore, enabled them to "make a joyful noise."

At the baptismal service, a score of men and women are admitted into the Church. After the close of the service, the new members are welcomed by the older brethren bowing and smiling. "We wish you joy," rings through the room. While this is going on, the old cobbler takes the bowl of water from the table reverently

in both hands, and before anyone can stop him, drinks it every drop.

"If it is good to have a few drops on one's head," he explains, "it must be still better to have it all inside me."

It is late, but the Padre has accounts to settle with the evangelist for wages and books sold and repair of the chapel. Then comes a petition from a Christian about the meaning of a lease which is in dispute between him and his heathen neighbour. It is now midnight. The room being full of the smoke of many long tobacco-pipes, the Padre goes out for a short walk up and down the compound, while the paper windows are thrown open. Then he turns in to undress for bed on the hard *kang*. Just as he is about to lie down, in comes a deputation.

"Is the Padre asleep?"

"Not yet. Come in. Have you some important business?"

In leisurely fashion they enter and sit down. The oil-lamp is burning low. They are in no hurry to explain. The Padre is tired out.

"We have a little business. Next year we wish to start a school for boys. We do not like the Government school, where the boys learn to gamble. We must have a Christian school. But it will not be easy to pay a really good teacher. And if we ask too high fees, the parents will not send the boys. Now would the Foreign Church allow us a grant-in-aid?"

"Unfortunately," replies the Padre, who has control of the foreign funds, "grants are not made

for elementary schools. I am very pleased to hear that you are going to start a Christian school. We should have such schools in every one of our outstations. Do your best to make yours self-supporting. If you cannot do so, speak to me again and I'll think about it."

The Padre is getting cold. The deputation appears to be also thinking about it. After a long pause, the visitors rise.

"The Padre is weary. Good-night," and slowly they move out. It is 12.45 a.m., about time for bed. With a sigh of relief, the overseer of the flock lies down, his feet to the wall and his head at the edge of the *kang*.

"Hello! it's hot." They had been having a feast. A great deal of millet-stalk had been burned under the big pot in the outside room. The heat and smoke from the fire passing under the *kang*, had made it quite too hot to be comfortable. The roll of bedding is shifted to a cooler spot, and finally everything is forgotten in sweet slumber.

One night when on tour, Mr. Fulton would have been glad of any kind of *kang*. Benighted on the northern prairie, no house was in sight, nothing but tall reeds. Fortunately it was not a cold time of year. So, with his assistants and the carter, he made a fire of the tall reeds, boiled some water and made delicious hot tea. Some bully beef and a few flour dumplings were shared among the company. Then they sat round the fire and dozed, or walked about, till morning.

Among the multitudes that turned to Christ

in those days, many of the most sincere came from the Buddhist sects. Religion for them was not mere formal ritual observance or national custom. It was a thing of the heart.

"How long have you been eating vegetables only, Mrs. Wo?"

"Forty-three years. I belonged first to the Original Chaos sect, and then to the Strictly Secret sect. But until Mrs. Li told me about the God of the Christians, I never found real peace. I fasted and repeated the prayers, and burned incense, and sat for hours cross-legged and motionless in meditation. It was like the Israelites wandering in the wilderness. Now I have reached the Promised Land, for I know the true God."

Her old face beamed with joy as she spoke. She, and others like her, had been hungering and thirsting after righteousness, with no one to show them the Way. Now, in the hated Faith of Jesus, they had found the Way of Peace.

Though without the foreign leaders the work could not have been done, still, after all, the ingathering, under God, was due to the Chinese themselves.

"Will you buy this good book?" said a colporteur. The suspicious farmer took the red-backed paper Gospel, put it to his nose, and then dropped it hastily.

"I don't want it," he said gruffly. "It has a foreign smell."

"Perhaps *you* would like it," went on the bookseller serenely, turning to a thoughtful-

looking man who had been glancing over the books spread out in the market-place.

"Yes," he replied. "How much is it?"

"One farthing."

"Then give me twopence-worth of different kinds."

The thoughtful man carried the little books to his home in a village among the hills. He read them carefully. Though he had no one to teach him, he was the means of leading thirty-seven persons in his village to become followers of the Lord Jesus.

Thus it came about that men tore down the painted paper kitchen-god from the wall beside the big pot, the god of the gate from the front-yard door, the god of wealth from its central place of honour in their shops. Women threw away their brass images of Buddha. The Bible began to be read in the homes and taught in the Christian schools. Temples were falling into decay or were being used as schools by the Government. It seemed as if the darkness had passed and the daybreak had come, when all unexpectedly a terrible thing happened. The powers of hell broke loose.

CHAPTER IV

TRIAL BY FIRE

" Insomuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, rejoice."

" A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain,
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train."

On a hot dusty day in the year 1900, the green leaves of the growing millet were waving by the roadside. Bareheaded, in his soiled blue robe, Deacon Liu looked the picture of anxiety as he trudged wearily along. Suddenly, turning a corner, he came upon a knot of swordsmen. One of them, naked except for a pair of short cotton trousers, rushed up, and without a word brandished his long sword in the Deacon's frightened face. Then gazing fixedly at him, the Boxer called to his companions:

" He has no cross on his forehead."

To his surprise the Deacon was permitted to pass, without any questions being asked. For the Boxers were supposed to know a Christian by the cross on his forehead, which to others was invisible. Quietly the Deacon slipped away, thanking God for His protection. Walking all night, he reached

his destination, hurried to the Padre's house and told the fearsome news.

"The big Moukden Church is burnt. Young girls waved their fans to set it alight by magic. But it was actually set on fire with kerosene oil. Out of the back windows of a neighbouring house, the evangelist and other Christians just managed to escape alive. Would you believe it ? when the flames shot up sky-high, the whole city danced for joy. Why should they hate us so bitterly ?

"The rascals then turned to the French Catholic Cathedral, but as it was defended, they could not break in. Then came the regular soldiers. Artillery planted in the market-place made a breach in the walls. Fire broke out in the Cathedral, which was filled with Chinese Christians, besides some French priests and nuns, with the aged Bishop kneeling at the altar. All were burnt to death or shot.

"Padre, the Boxer forces will soon be in our town. You must leave us. If you do not go, we Christians cannot scatter, but will feel bound to remain along with you. If we do not flee, nothing is left for us except torture and death !"

The Irish Padre was living alone. He was very loath to go. Yet he saw that the Deacon was right. In the early morning, dressed in a light-blue robe and an inverted-saucer straw hat, he sadly parted from his Chinese friends. One of these friends, Elder Hsu, asked:

"Will you take me with you ?"

Not knowing what was to come, the Padre did not think it necessary to take the Elder with him. They never met again. For this splendid

THE IMPORTUNATE WIDOW. (By a Chinese Artist).

man and his son were captured not long afterwards. The chief merchants of Fakumen, who had known and respected the Elder for years, begged for his life.

"No," said the Boxers, "he is one of the worst Number Two Devils. He must die."

Then his son asked to be allowed to die in his father's stead. The request was refused.

On entering Fakumen by the hilly road from Moukden, there is a stone bridge. Underneath the bridge flows a trickle of stream in a broad sandy bed. When the day of execution arrived, the Elder and his son knelt down on the river-bed and were beheaded. A last tribute of respect was then paid by the heathen merchants to the Christian martyrs. They provided coffins and hired labourers to stitch the heads on to the bleeding bodies. For it is not wise to appear in the next world without your head!

Of the three hundred and eleven Manchurians who died for the Faith during the Persecution, no one was a greater loss to the Church than Elder Hsu. For thirteen years he had stood by Mr. Fulton in the hard uphill fight to win an entrance to men's hearts in Hsinmintun and Fakumen and all through the West country. On tour when others were asleep in the long inn-room, he could be seen by the dim rush-lamp discoursing on the Gospel to those who were willing to sit up. A Manchu by birth and a man of piety and learning, he would soon have been one of the leading Pastors of the Church. And now he had gained his reward, a cruel death, a martyr's crown.

The second greatest loss was Blind Chang, the Apostle of Manchuria. Some years previously he had applied to Dr. Christie for the cure of his eyes. Though nothing could be done for his bodily sight, the eyes of his mind were enlightened during his stay in Moukden Hospital. He began to work for the Lord, wandering, staff in hand, among the valleys of the Eastern hills. So successful was the blind Apostle that the Boxers hunted specially for him.

" Find Blind Chang Devil and we will let you off," they said to some Christians caught at the town of Flat Rock.

The Apostle had been fasting and praying for several days. When he heard that they were looking for him, he came of his own free will.

" Here I am," he said to the Boxers. " What do you want ?"

" You are the wicked Number Two Devil who has led our countrymen astray to follow the teaching of the foreign Number One Devils."

" I do not follow the foreigner," he replied. " I am a loyal subject of the Chinese Emperor."

" But you worship Jesus, the God of the English."

" I worship Jesus, the Saviour of the whole world. I refuse to deny Him. If you kill my body, to-day my soul will be with Him in Paradise."

" Unless you renounce Jesus and burn incense to Buddha, you must die."

" I am quite willing to die," answered Blind Chang. " I do not believe in Buddha."

" Kneel down, then," commanded the Boxer judge.

While the executioner's blunt sword was making

three cuts at his neck, he kept on praying—" Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

Then a strange thing happened. When Blind Chang's head rolled on the ground, the Boxers threw away their weapons and fled in fear, no man pursuing!

" We have killed a good man," they cried, as they vanished conscience-stricken, leaving the other Christians of Flat Rock unhurt.

Bitter as the Persecution was for the men, it was still worse for the women and girls. Educated schoolgirls were carried away by their captors and forced to be slave-wives.

" The Lord called me with His own voice, and I was constrained to follow Him," Mrs. Hsiao used to say to Mrs. Hunter of Kuangning. Early in 1900 Mrs. Hsiao had been baptized along with thirteen other women, whom she had led into the fold. Being wealthy, it was her delight to preach and teach the Gospel, without accepting any salary.

At her arrest, her persecutors said:

" If you deny Christ, we will spare your life."

" I cannot deny the Lord who bought me," she replied.

Then these fiends cut off her ears and lips, and slowly hacked her quivering, agonized body to pieces. Yet she kept praying to the last.

Not all the Christians remained faithful in the trial. One of the evangelists of Hsinmintun district had his house burnt down. He lay hid among the shrubs in a stack-yard, enclosed by a high wall. His mother and his wife were seized by the Boxers. Unless the evangelist were to go himself and recant, his wife and mother were to be

put to death. "My heart was heavy and sad," he afterwards said. "If they killed my mother, I should incur the odious name of an unfilial son. If I did go I should incur the name of an unfaithful denier of my Lord. I was weak at that time, and I thought I might as well give myself up and have done with it." He recanted. In his confession he added: "I verily am in the Lord's sight the greatest of sinners."

Often it was the heathen friends of the imprisoned Christians who secured their release, undertaking behind their backs that they would renounce the Faith. Mr. Chen (now one of the best ministers in Manchuria) was in prison for a month suffering terribly. Boldly he confessed his Master. "Padre," he said afterwards to Mr. Fulton, "I remembered what you told us in the lectures last year about persecution, and I could not bring myself to recant." His friend, knowing he was condemned to death, tried to bribe the headsman to make death instantaneous. Three times he was led forth to be executed, but the deed was not performed. Finally, the Boxers being suppressed, Mr. Chen was thrown into the filthy yamen prison, from which a warrant, procured by his friend, set him at liberty.

Beside a small image of Buddha in the central temple sat the Boxer chief. A trembling follower of Jesus was led in. At once he knelt down and bumped his head on the ground before the chief and the Buddha.

"You wish to give up the foreign religion. You are sorry for your sins," the Supporter of Heaven (as this chief was called) said threateningly.

"Yes, your Honour," whispered the quaking suppliant, while in his heart he said, "No."

"Burn incense"—and the stick of fragrant incense was placed by the Christian's hand in the pot in front of the god.

The chief laid his hand on the suppliant's head, thus removing the obnoxious sign of the cross! The fine having been paid, and the certificate of excommunication issued, the renegade slunk out, safe, but dishonoured.

Who were the persecutors that created such havoc? They belonged to the "Volunteer Union Fists" (from which the name "Boxer" arose). Ignorant men, indeed, they were, but true patriots according to their lights. The cause of the rising lay in the unscrupulous conduct of the principal nations of Europe. One after another the Great Powers of Europe had deliberately seized nice bits of China. Germany, Russia, England, France, were all engaged in this pleasant and profitable game.

"We would not dream of stealing," they chimed in chorus. "Oh no, all we want is to *borrow* some of your lands and harbours. We do not wish to quarrel with you, for we have the kindest feelings towards you. We are, in fact, your friends. Please let us take these bits of your country without making a fuss. You should not call us robbers. That would interfere with the friendly relations between you and us."

Big, helpless China saw the bayonets and the battleships behind the white man's smile. Without a strong army and navy, with no friend except Right on her side, what could the heathen Empire do but submit to the mailed fist of

Christian Europe ? It was useless for the yellow men to go to war in defence of their Empire. But they were very angry. Their fatherland was being swallowed, slice after slice, by the greedy nations from across the sea. The long-suffering Celestials were in a rage. In their fury they struck out wildly. Blinded by their patriotic passion, they raged against all foreign folk and foreign wares. They even slaughtered the little children, for if they were not put out of the way, the children might grow into men and become the enemies of China that their fathers were supposed to be. " Clear the weeds, up with the roots," was a saying in use at the time.

" Our gods," they thought, " will help us to defend our country."

In the centre of an eager crowd two men stood side by side. The older man had been repeating the magic Boxer charm in the ear of the younger, who fell down in a swoon. On recovering, the youth jumped up with a wild yell.

" I am the god of war," he screamed, whirling a long sword round his head. " The god has come into my body. Sword will not cut me, nor bullet pierce.

> Knock once, wide flings the heavenly door;
> Knock twice, quick bursts the earthen floor;
> Say go—he goes;
> Say come—he comes."

Thus the poor deluded youth imagined that he gained control of supernatural powers. Relying on these gifts of the gods he was even ready to face without flinching the machine-gun fire of the Number One Devils.

In her palace in Peking the wily old Empress kept watch on these strange doings. With joy she heard the watchword of the popular uprising —" Guard the Empire and destroy the foreigner." What did it matter to her that innocent women and children of Europe and America were being cruelly murdered ? At first in secret, and then openly, she encouraged the Volunteer League. According to the teaching of Confucius it was her plain duty to protect the stranger within her gates. Instead of that, she threw the whole weight of the Imperial authority on the side of the Boxer patriots. The army of China received orders to fight along with the Boxers. No quarter was to be given.

Then came the heroic stand in the British Legation at Peking of a handful of brave foreigners against the assembled might of the Manchu Empire. After weeks of suspense the Allies marched up from the coast to the relief of Peking. The Boxer rising collapsed, the Empress fled and the Allies imposed on China a huge fine, which after nineteen years has not yet been paid off.

In Manchuria it was the Russians who came to the rescue. One of the missionaries was hemmed in with a Russian column, which fought its way out to the north. Altogether the reign of terror lasted for six weeks. Even after the European troops brought safety to the central towns, the villages and distant towns were harried by robber bands. Moreover, the undisciplined Chinese soldiers, fleeing before the Russian advance, looted and burned ruthlessly their own people's shops and stores. It was months before the country settled down again.

What results followed the trial by fire? Though numbers of timid or time-serving Christians fell away, the Kingdom of God became more firmly planted on a sure foundation. The Church of Manchuria, smaller and purer, came out of the furnace with the proud seal of martyrdom upon its brow. Then again, a new spirit of fellowship was fostered. Protestant and Catholic, Chinese, British and French, being fellow-sufferers for the Kingdom, were drawn more closely together. The Home Church, sending speedy aid to the distressed, was brought nearer to the Chinese heart.*

One remarkable consequence of the Persecution remains to be stated—not a single murderer was punished on the accusation of the Church.

"Help me, Padre," sobbed the poor widow, "for the honour of my slain husband and son. Have pity, and help me to get justice. How can I live if their blood is not avenged? If the murderers are allowed to go unpunished, how can I be faithful to my dead?"

Kneeling at the Padre's feet, the widow of the martyred Elder Hsu would not be comforted. To her, Christian though she was, it seemed a clear case of *duty*. It was heart-breaking to refuse her. But the Padre could not consent. The Church would allow nothing that savoured of revenge on the persecutors. The matter was left in the hands of God. It was like spurning the poor widow in her grief.

This quality of mercy made an abiding impression on the people of the land.

* The Christians of our Indian Mission generously subscribed £30 for their needy brethren in Manchuria.

CHAPTER V

THE CITADEL OF THE KINGDOM

"The Father, from whom all fatherhood on earth is named."

"I asked for sunlight and a long, long day
To build my little home."

"I've learned lots of things no one here knows. Listen," said Complete Virtue, and he sang "Jesus Loves Me" fairly well. The boy, who had just returned from a stay in the distant Mission Hospital, was recounting his experiences in his village home.

"What kind of things did you learn?" someone asked.

"Oh, to do good works, the same as in our own holy books. The Christians have ten commands. One is to obey one's parents. They have a big temple, where everybody goes each seventh day. There are no idols or incense, but the place is very clean. The people all sing hymns and listen to a man explaining their sacred book. Some bits are quite easy to understand, much easier than our Confucian books. And—oh, you should see the funny way the foreigners shake each other's hands, like this"—and he shook hands clumsily all round, amid much laughter.

At that moment there was a commotion outside.

"What is it?" they asked each other, running to the door.

"Two foreign women are in the blacksmith's house. Come and see."

The ladies were seated on the *kang* in the inner room, surrounded by an eager throng of women and children.

"How do you make your hands so white?" asked one.

"It must be the foreign water," suggested another.

They fingered the ladies' dresses, boots, hair and hats.

"Do you not comb your hair?" inquired a girl whose black tresses were smooth and shining.

"Of course I do," was the amused reply. "But our custom is not to plaster the hair down in your way."

"Why are you not married?" was the next question.

"Many women in our country remain unmarried. I want to give my time to teaching Chinese women about Jesus. Would you like to hear about Him?"

"Oh yes," replied the blacksmith's wife. "My children's father* is always telling me, but I always forget. I am so stupid; I can never learn the Doctrine."

After a simple talk about God's love and the life and death of Jesus the blacksmith's wife said tearfully:

"That's not the same as *he* tells it. I can

* It is not polite for the wife to speak of her husband directly.

A BUDDHIST PRIEST.

understand that, but by to-morrow I'll have forgotten it."

"Then I shall tell it to you again," said the lady encouragingly. "Now it's late, and we are about to have our evening meal. After that we shall be glad to see anyone. Then to-morrow all the sick people may come to see the doctor. To-morrow evening we wish to have another meeting in the big room here. Come and bring as many as you can with you."

"It's hard to find time," remarked a complaining woman.

"Well, let every woman bring a long, straight seam. While one of us speaks to you, the other will sew them all with a foreign machine we have, that sews very strong and fast."

On the third day the ladies took their departure. Within a year a small congregation of Christians met regularly in the blacksmith's house. The blacksmith himself did his best to lead them in public worship. Year by year the numbers grew, until they were able to build for themselves a thatched chapel, with a signboard over the door—"Jesus Preaching Hall."

The boy, Complete Virtue, would have liked to join the Christians, but, having heard awful stories of the Boxer Persecution, he was afraid. Still, he had made up his mind to learn more about the Doctrine, and was allowed to visit the city again to see his brother in the Mission Hospital.

In the city he had a friend, Everlasting Luck, a few years older than himself, belonging to a Christian family. On the Lord's Day they went to church together. Complete Virtue wondered at the crowds streaming in through the door.

"No spitting allowed," he read on the wall, as he passed in. The building was huge.

"What is that curtain for?" he whispered, pointing to a screen stretching the whole length of the church.

"That," said his companion, "is to separate the men from the women. You know it would never do for them to be mixed up together."

The boy was surprised that women were allowed to come to church. He had been told that the Mohammedans did not permit the women to attend prayers in the mosques.

The big church was now full. The Sunday-school for the whole congregation was closing when the boys came in. The Golden Text was being expounded, and questions were being asked by the Chinese Pastor about Moses in Egypt. Men and women were answering readily. Our friend began to feel at ease. For one thing, the nice wooden seats had backs. For another thing, the people he saw around him seemed quiet and respectable. They brought their Testaments and hymn-books rolled up in coloured handkerchiefs. He liked that. At the prayers, standing with the others, he kept his eyes very wide open, watching the man in the pulpit with his eyes shut, talking to Someone.

"Is it to the Old Heavenly Grandfather he is speaking?" he whispered to his friend, who nodded, but remained silent. The sermon he listened to intently, for the Pastor was giving a vivid narrative of the Prodigal Son. A coloured sheet on the wall had pictures of the successive scenes, with the black pigs and the starving prodigal's ribs sticking out. Our friend was

pleased when he noticed that the prodigal and his father wore Chinese dress.

After the sermon it was announced that the offering would be in aid of the Chinese Missionary Society, working in the Far North of Manchuria. But Complete Virtue's pocket was empty.

"What is the Missionary Society?" inquired the younger boy, as the two friends were leaving the church.

"Oh, I know that," replied Everlasting Luck. "In fact, my father took me to the Synod when the two Chinese missionaries were ordained."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, you see, these British missionaries are rich. Their country is very rich. It is just like Heaven. Everybody is good there. They never quarrel or curse as we do. So they want to make other people good like themselves. That is why the Christian missionaries are sent to our country. My father says they come from two different provinces, called Ai-ur-lan and Shu-ge-lan.* But you could not tell which was which, for there is only one Old Elder† Church. Every year they have their Big Meeting‡ in Moukden. I suppose it is some sort of parliament, though only pastors and elders belong to it. It is in control of the whole Church, giving directions, like an army command, to all the soldiers of Christ. Its weapons of course are only spiritual. It prays

* Ireland and Scotland. The Scottish and Irish Presbyterians joined in 1891 to form one united Church of Manchuria.

† Presbyterian.

‡ Synod—something like the Irish General Assembly on a small scale.

for the rulers of China, and encourages our Christians to love their own country and live at peace with all men.

"The day I was present, I counted far more Chinese members than foreigners. Ours is the only language spoken. I heard some of the British men debating, and really you could understand a great deal of what they said, though at first their voices sounded rather queer."

"But what about the Missionary Society?" interrupted Complete Virtue.

"I'm coming to that. You see, the foreign Christians intend to cover all the country with the Gospel."

"How can they do it, seeing there are so many of us and so few of them?" queried the youngster.

"That's just the point," replied the older lad. "Even if they could, they would not do it all themselves. They are training *us* to do it. Jesus, you know, was born and died in Asia. His religion is not really a British invention. In order to be strong and permanent, Christianity must take root in our country and grow into a great *Chinese* tree with Chinese fruit. Therefore *we* must do the work ourselves."

"I see," said Complete Virtue. "The Chinese Missionary Society is to carry on what the foreigners began."

"Yes," pursued Everlasting Luck. "We subscribe to send our own missionaries to the Far North. In the winter it is terribly cold and bleak up there. But our men stick to their posts, and they have been very successful. Sometimes they are visited by good young Dr. Liu, son of the senior Pastor, who goes away from Moukden to

the North, giving his services freely for the healing of the sick."

"I'm very sorry I had no money to put in the basket to-day," said Complete Virtue, as he parted from his friend, to return to his village home.

What he remembered best was the story of the Prodigal Son. Before going to sleep that night, he told the story to the family. The most attentive listener was his mother.

"Yes," she said earnestly, "I am like the prodigal. Never again will I burn incense to the idols, and I will ask the true God to change my heart."

Her son was overjoyed to hear his mother's resolve.

Next day there was great excitement in the village. The crops had been dwindling for want of rain, and the rain-god was coming in procession. Flags and a big drum, willow chaplets on the peasant's heads, and then—the Dragon King himself. As the long procession drifted past his house Complete Virtue looked on with disgust. Pointing to the Dragon King, a dark, seated figure, no bigger than a baby, he remarked to his neighbour:

"Can he send rain?"

"No," was the smiling reply. "It is the Old Heavenly Grandfather who sends the rain."

"Why, then, do you not all pray to the Heavenly Father, instead of worshipping that lifeless thing?"

There was no response. At each shop-door was a vessel of water with willow-branches steeped in it. Beside the vessel was the inscription: "The Tablet for the worship of the Dragon King

of the Five Lakes, Four Seas, Nine Rivers and Eight Streams."

Reading the inscription and watching the procession, the boy determined that he would give his life to setting the people free from their foolish and degrading superstitions, and to teaching them the knowledge of the one true God.

Some time afterwards, Complete Virtue set out again for the city. He was troubled. He found the foreign Padre's house and was introduced to him.

"Padre," he began, "I wish to join the Jesus Church. But in our village there are many members of the Heavenly Lord Church,* and they say their religion is better. Which am I to believe?"

The Padre looked into the boy's perplexed face for a little, and then replied:

"That is for yourself to decide. It may help you, however, if I tell you what happened to a friend of mine. During the war between Russia and Japan, we saw a good deal of each other, working together to help the Chinese when things were upset. He was our neighbour and often came over to our house for a meal or a chat. One thing that seemed of special interest to him was our home life, though baby was rather afraid of his black beard. He was the French priest of the Catholic Mission. Being somewhat quick-tempered, he offended the Japanese military authorities, who had him bound with rope and thrown into prison. He was confined in a shocking dungeon, where his distress was so great that

* The Roman Church, the missionaries of which in Manchuria are French.

he could not eat the rough food they offered him. Nor could he sleep. At the court-martial he was ordered to leave the district. When he came to bid me good-bye it was evident that he was very glad to go away. I never saw him again.

"Unknown to me, a change was taking place in his mind. To my great astonishment I received a letter from him, telling me he had decided to leave the Church of Rome and become a Protestant. He went to England and became acquainted with some good people who instructed him more fully in our view of religion. The Bible became a new book to him. His letters from England were full of the glad joy of his awakened spiritual life. Clearly, for him all things had become new. The last time I heard of him, he had gone from England as a Protestant missionary to his own country, France."

"What was it made him leave the Roman Church?" came the eager question from the boy.

"I can only give you my opinion," the Padre replied. "My friend never told me directly. But I believe the Spirit of God used our home to bring about the change—the Christian home life, to which as a Catholic missionary he was a stranger."

"I think," said Complete Virtue, "I can guess why you have told me this story. You mean that the most important thing in God's Kingdom is to make the home Christian, and that your Church is best fitted for that purpose."

"Exactly," replied the Padre. "The citadel of the Kingdom is the *home*. And we are winning the citadel in this land of yours, where the home is everything."

CHAPTER VI

A RUSHING, MIGHTY WIND

"Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord."

"O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat."

"Two of us were on a visit to the city of Pingyang in Korea. We found our way to the house of some Chinese merchants who knew nothing about Christianity. In answer to their inquiry we said we were Christians from Manchuria.

"'Are there Christians in Manchuria also?' asked the merchants.

"'Oh yes.'

"'Are they the same sort as the Christians here?'

"'We do not know. What like are the Christians here?'

"'Good men, good men!' said the merchants.

"'Why do you think so?'

"'Oh, a man owed us an amount five years ago for twenty dollars. He refused to acknowledge more than ten, and of course we had no redress. A few months ago he came back and asked us to turn up that old account and insisted on paying it with interest for all these years.'"

Thus spoke Mr. Chang, an evangelist who had been sent to see the revival of the Church in

Korea. On his return to Manchuria, he was giving his report to a packed gathering in Moukden. He told of the poverty of the Koreans. They were a simple folk, not nearly so clever in business as the Chinese. Yet in Pingyang district alone, they supported four hundred preachers out of their own pockets. At a weekly prayer-meeting, a thousand would be present. On a Sunday the street was like a temple fair, with the crowds trooping to church. Korean men and women would put aside their ordinary occupations for a week or a fortnight, to come together solely for the study of the Bible. As a nation, they were of no importance. They had lost their national independence, being now a province of Japan. But nowhere in Asia had Christianity made such striking progress. How was this? It was the blessing of God, in answer to the Koreans' earnest prayers.

After Mr. Chang had finished speaking came the Rev. J. Goforth,* whose address was followed by a time of free prayers, one after another in quick succession. Elder S. twice sprang to his feet, making an attempt to speak, and twice sat down again, burying his face in his hands in great distress. At last he rose, dashed to the platform, and said:

"Padre Goforth, I can bear this burden no longer! Before the Lord and this congregation, I must confess my iniquities. Years ago, as you all know, I was a sincere Christian. But alas! I fell. My wife spoke to me often about my great sin, and at last I made up my mind to get rid of her.

* Canadian Presbyterian Mission.

Three times I mixed poison with her food, each time without effect. All the while I was a member of the Church and often preached from that pulpit there. I got hundreds of cards printed with my name and office as elder in the Church. But I am no longer worthy of that rank " (walking over to the fire). " I now tear up these cards and burn them " (throwing a handful of cards into the fire). " All the time I have been like a fierce dog frightening souls away from the fold of Christ. May God have mercy upon me !"

He threw himself upon the ground in a very agony of weeping. Immediately the whole congregation broke into loud lamentation. Scores of men and women rushed forward to the platform, fell on their knees, and made abject confession of sin. There was not a dry eye in the building.

When the noise had subsided, Mr. S. again rose up and said:

" Here is a gold bangle, which in my pride I bought and wore. And here is the gold ring I have been wearing. They are not mine. Take them, and may God have mercy on my soul !"

The ring and the bangle were laid on the table. A prayer, simple and tender, arose on the women's side. It was from the wife of the Elder who had just confessed.

Towards the end of the week, Mr. Goforth left. The meetings continued. On the Saturday morning* for two hours confession and petition poured in. Pastor Liu asked for prayer for himself and his office-bearers.

* In February, 1908.

" And please include the missionaries themselves in your supplication," broke in a foreign voice.

Immediately such a burst of prayer arose from the whole congregation as was never heard before. Seven hundred people speaking aloud, all using different words, and yet the most perfect harmony! Again and again this wave of supplication swept over the assembly.

On the next day requests for intercession flowed in. A schoolgirl sent a request on behalf of ten members of her family. A merchant besought the congregation to intercede for a score of men in his employ. For the back-sliding members and for those who had been struck off the roll, the prayers were innumerable.

Throughout the churches of Southern Manchuria, the movement spread like a flame.

" Don't go near them," said some outsiders. "Their Spirit has come down and He is irresistible. You will be drawn in before you know it."

And indeed it was so. A heathen carter, who had driven his master to the meetings in Chaoyangchen, was standing outside the open windows, listening. Becoming uneasy, he lay down in his cart. But his agitation became more violent. He rolled in agony.

" It must be some strange disease," he said to the Christians standing by.

" Not at all," they replied. " It is your awakened conscience."

Whereupon, in fear and trembling, he confessed his sins and at once found relief.

Near Kuangning, a highway robber had been arrested. During his six months' imprisonment,

no torture could extract from him the least admission of guilt. But when he happened to attend one of the meetings, he was seized by the Divine Spirit, and for a long time lay writhing on the floor. It was the fifty-first Psalm, read and explained to him, that eased his soul's distress.

Some of the confessions were truly terrible. A respectable practitioner of medicine in Chinchiatun fell back from his seat unconscious. Recovering from the swoon, with his face the colour of ashes, he admitted that before becoming a Christian, he had been guilty of murder five times.

One poor fellow sobbed:

"In the Boxer time, not only did I worship the idols myself, but I led my old mother to the temple and made her do the same, and *she is dead*." And he refused to be comforted.

A Kuangning elder, having been absent from the meeting, was visited by the Rev. W. Hunter, who found him in misery, pained all over.

"When I told him," wrote Mr. Hunter, "what had happened in church, he exclaimed:

"'*That explains it!* Last night, about lamplighting, all my sins seemed to surround me and stand in my presence. Hell cannot be as bitterly painful! I was in an agony of body and mind. I called my son and told him the various sums of which I had defrauded people, and which must be made good, even though we may not have a house left over our heads.'

"He was not satisfied until he had confessed in public what he had said to me in private."

It is to be noted as a characteristic of the

Revival that only *public* confession of sin brought relief. Returning from the church one night in the dark, the following conversation was overheard. First an angry voice:

"Why did you make such a fool of yourself tonight? You have lost face before everyone. If you wished to confess sin, could you not have gone home and prayed in your own house?"

The answer came in awe-struck tones:

"Do you think I wanted to stand up before everyone and confess the awful sins I had committed? No, I struggled violently against the impulse, but, brother, when the Spirit of God tells you to stand up on your feet and confess, *you've got to do it!*"

Of the fresh life begun or renewed by the breath of God, what were the fruits? Everywhere free gifts were offered to the Lord. One man contributed five hundred strings of cash, another five bushels of grain. An elder brought three hundred dollars. Holding up a small bangle, a little girl said:

"I like this bangle very much, but I want to give it to Jesus."

Promises of one-tenth of income were numerous. Dr. Liu, son of the senior Pastor of Manchuria, estimated his capital at seven thousand dollars. So he divided seven hundred dollars among various branches of Christian work. A poor peasant wrote that he had nothing to offer except a black calf with a white stripe, and he begged that the Lord might accept it. Men's disused silver opium boxes, and women's hair

ornaments, were brought. Schoolgirls handed in the red silk cords with which they tied their plaits.

A familiar form of consecration was for voluntary service in extending the Kingdom. Mrs. L. had been given up by the doctor, and had recovered.

"I vow," she said, "to set apart for the Lord two days a week for propagating the Gospel as long as I live."

"I promise," said another, "to preach in the open air every week."

Bands of volunteers carried the message of the Revival from one congregation to another. There arose a new yearning over those outside the Church. At the Fakumen meetings, schoolboys implored the unbelievers standing around to repent and seek the Saviour forthwith. Many of the boys went into town to preach at a busy street-corner.

It was a time of wonder and of joy. The black cloud of sin was swept away and the sun of righteousness shone forth. Depths of sorrow gave place to gladsome songs of praise.

> "When Zion's bondage God turned back,
> As men that dreamed were we;
> Then filled with laughter was our mouth,
> Our tongues with melody."

There were two hymns particularly prominent in the spiritual upheaval. In the midst of a strained period of petition and weeping, a verse or two sung with fervour repeatedly by the whole congregation on their knees, soothed and

comforted the hearts of all. Here are the first verse and the chorus of each hymn:

"What can wash away my stain?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

"Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow!
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

"Sinners Jesus will receive;
Sound this word of grace to all
Who the heavenly pathway leave,
All who linger, all who fall.

"Sing it o'er and o'er again:
Christ receiveth sinful men;
Make the message clear and plain:
Christ receiveth sinful men."

Forty years before, Burns had looked forward in vision to such a day. "God," he said, "will carry on His work in Manchuria. I have no fear of that."

As might have been expected, it was the best Christians who received the greatest uplift. Their eyes saw the King in His beauty. Very many changed lives date from the time of blessing in 1908.

The greatest change of all, the change that lasts, is in the hidden springs of character. An evangelist of Chaoyangchen, nephew to Blind Chang, the martyr, had for eight years been planning to kill his uncle's murderers, who were the leading men of his own village. At one of

the meetings, the evangelist was smitten to the floor. When he was roused, he gasped out:

" I have seen Jesus."

" Do you forgive your enemies ?" asked Pastor Yao.

He stood silent. This was more than could be demanded of him. A friendly Christian, going over to him, said:

" I want to help you. I will do all I can to help you. Forgive them !"

Still there was silence. Many secret prayers were offered that Jesus would gain the victory. It was a moment heavy with destiny for him. Defeat, and his life would be cast to the void. Victory, and a new hero would be gained for God's army.

" I forgive them," he said very quietly. Then the power of a new vision broke upon him. He would seek Christian revenge.

" Pray for these men, all of you, that they may be saved. And pray for me that I may be given the victory over myself and them. I shall first write to them and tell them of my forgiveness and hopes, and then at the earliest opportunity, visit them and plead with them to repent and be saved."

" Only those," adds the Rev. W. MacNaughtan in telling the story, " who know Chinese life and Confucian morals, can estimate the value of this miracle."

CHAPTER VII

THE PEOPLE OF THE BOOK

" Every scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching."

" Word of the ever-living God,
Will of His glorious Son—
Without Thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won ?"

WANG SAN a small boy in spotless dress with shaven head, was trotting along beside his father. In his neat bundle he had what are called " the four gems of the study," a brush-pen, a cake of ink, a stone slab for rubbing down the ink with water, and a set of books. It was his first day to go to school. The school was a dark and dingy room, with boys squatting cross-legged at low tables on the *kang*. After the small boy was introduced, the teacher asked the spirit of Confucius, the Chinese Sage, to help the new scholar. Bumping his head on the ground the scholar besought his master to teach him. Then he received his " book-name," " Mountain Chain." Along with the other new-comers, he stood before the master's table, and was taught to read the first line of the " Three Character Classic," there being no A B C's to learn. Back they all went to their places to repeat the words aloud. What a din there was with twenty boys all shouting at the pitch of their voices ! Mountain Chain,

having learnt his task, went up to the teacher and turned his face away "to back the book," or in other words, to say off his lesson by heart.

Rap on the head with a ruler: "Aiya!" from the boy. One word was missing. So he returned to his seat to shout again, until he had made sure of remembering every word. With intervals for his two meals, that first day at school lasted from early morning till sunset. All the other days were the same, seven days in the week, except in the holidays.

By-and-by, he was taught writing, like painting with the brush-pen held straight up and down.

"Can you write *peace?*"

"Yes, that is *woman* under *roof.*"*

"How do you write the word *good?*"

"*Woman* with *son* by her side."†

"What is *forest?*"

"*Forest* is *wood* doubled."‡

Alas! he had not learnt much writing when he had to leave school, for his father was poor. So Mountain Chain became a hand-loom weaver, like his father and brother. Sometimes in the springtime he would slip out with his butterfly-kite. How he wished he could afford to buy a big dragon-kite, as long as a house, that waved and curled far up in the sky, with three strong boys to hold it! But most of the time he had to work in the stuffy room at home, weaving cotton cloth.

At the age of sixteen, his father having joined

* 安 = 宀 roof and 女 woman.
† 好 = 女 woman and 子 son.
‡ 林 = 木 wood or tree, doubled.

"WE DON'T LIKE BEING PHOTOGRAPHED."

"TWO LITTLE EARS TO HEAR HIS WORD."

the Church, Mountain Chain was sent to the Christian school. The following year he was baptized. But his father's death compelled him to give up his books, in order to help the family. He was so set on study that on returning from service on the Lord's Day, he would sometimes be quite ill with brooding over his frustrated hopes. When twenty years of age, he was married to a girl he had never spoken to. The parents had arranged the match when the boy and girl were quite small. The young wife who came, of course, to live in the home and serve her mother-in-law, was a nice, pleasant girl. Yet Mountain Chain was far from being content.

One day a friend made a suggestion to him. It was this:

"If you spoke to the foreign Padre Mung,* he might take you into his splendid school. Padre Mung helps many poor boys to pursue their studies."

Mountain Chain acted on his friend's advice, and to his delight, he was admitted into Hsinmintun School, determined to make up for the lost years. Being older than most of the hundred and ten pupils, he felt rather out of it at first. He soon, however, became absorbed in his lessons, and he liked the Chinese teachers. But he liked Padre Mung the best, for he made everything so clear. Even geometry he found he could comprehend, when the Padre took the class. As for English, he soon began to have hopes of being able to speak in that atrocious language. One thing puzzled him. He never could make out

* The Rev. John Omelvena of Hsinmintun.

how the Padre kept such excellent order and discipline among so many boys, with scarcely any punishment. The lesson he enjoyed most was on Sunday mornings in the large church when the Padre taught singing to the multitude of girls and boys from the schools.

"Why is there no organ?" he whispered to his neighbour the first day.

"Because the Padre says the singing is better without one."

Truly it was magnificent to hear those two hundred Chinese boys and girls, singing with all their might, psalms and hymns of praise to God—and singing *in tune*.

"I am afraid," said the Padre to Mountain Chain once, "you will never be able to scrape through the college matriculation."

"Oh, but I must," replied the young man. "I am going on for the ministry and I must first take the full course in the Manchuria Christian College."

And he did. By dint of hard work he succeeded in passing the dreaded entrance examination, and was in College when the tall new building was opened in 1911.

That was a great day. Clang went the bell! His Excellency the Viceroy of Manchuria, at the head of the procession of notables, entered the hall, while the students in khaki uniforms stood to attention. When it came to the Viceroy's turn to speak, he rose, dignified and stately.

"You ought," he said to the students, "to be thankful to the Churches of Ireland and Scotland for their goodness. You are being taught true

freedom. The freedom of the superior man is not the same as the spurious freedom of the mean man."

There were experiments in electricity, drill evolutions in the quadrangle, the inevitable photographing of the distinguished group, and then His Excellency took his departure in his sedan chair, while the broughams of the subordinate mandarins rattled behind at a respectful distance.

"How much did the College cost?" asked Mountain Chain of one of the Chinese teachers.

"Our Government," replied the teacher, "gave the land cheap—part of it, indeed, a free grant for twenty years. But it was the foreign Churches that put up the building for us. They subscribed £4,000."

"All the more reason why we students should do our share," remarked Mountain Chain.

In the holidays the students had been collecting funds. When the amount was made up, it came to what for the Chinese was the large sum of £70.

During his four years at College, Mountain Chain was not very good at "soccer." So it happened that at the famous challenge match between the Chinese students and the foreign community, he was only a spectator. The College boys, having a tip-top team, expected to win. At half-time the score stood one all. Shortly after restarting, another goal for the foreign team was smartly scored.

"Offside," shouted the Chinese.

The referee shook his head. It was Padre Mee,* one of the professors, who had the whistle.

* The Rev. W. Miskelly.

" He's siding with the foreigners. It *was* offside," blurted out the Chinese captain angrily. " Let's leave the field."

Off trooped the College boys, to the dismay of everyone except themselves. Mountain Chain knew that this was not " playing the game." Running over to the captain, he remonstrated with him.

" Never mind," he said, " whether the referee is right or wrong. You must obey him."

The match was spoilt, but that evening the captain went, on behalf of the team, to apologize to the referee. He was truly sorry, in fact, almost in tears. Nor will the lesson of the spoilt football match soon be forgotten by those hasty lads.

So keen were the students on bringing renown to their Fatherland and their College, that at the end of one contest, the Europeans having scored four to their one, the Chinese captain explained the defeat to his team in this ingenious way:

" We were handicapped by our boots (made of cloth), by our clothes (not of an athletic cut, certainly), and by our food (vegetarian diet, millet all the year round). Strictly speaking, therefore, *we have not been beaten !*"

What Mountain Chain enjoyed more than the games was speechifying. All the sixty students were good at that. In the Debating Society no one was nervous. Of course, plenty of nonsense was talked, and many an idea put forth that would sound curious in our ears.

Where he was at his best, however, was not in discussing such stirring topics as " Monarchy

versus Republic," or, "Are early marriages desirable?" It was on the Sunday mornings, when he and other Student Volunteers stood on the busy open road beside the gates of the City Park, pleading with the attentive crowd as ambassadors for Christ. Then he was full of fire. And if we could have listened to those bright, clever lads preaching by the roadside we could not help being proud of the Moukden College that attracts the best of the Christian youth and trains them for wider service—a College almost every one of whose graduates is to-day engaged in some form of service in connection with the Church.

"Mountain Chain's your man! He's not brilliant, but he is cheerful, active, and in dead earnest."

The question was the choice of a man to be Chinese Secretary of the Students' Institute,* recently started in Kirin. Our friend having gained the Moukden College diploma, the post in Kirin was offered to him and at once accepted.

"What can we do," the missionaries asked themselves, "to bring the message of the Gospel to the thousands of non-Christian young men in the Government colleges and schools? We cannot reach them by our ordinary Mission work. What are we to do?"

The splendid plan of the American Y.M.C.A. had already won great success in the large cities of China.

"Let us," reasoned the American student

* Y.M.C.A., especially for young men in colleges and schools. The common Chinese name is "Society of Youth."

leaders, " strive to reach the young educated men by athletics, the teaching of English and science, and indeed by any sort of true learning or healthy amusement, in order to draw them on to a study of the Bible, by showing them robust Christianity in action, the perfect combination of the Red Triangle."*

Hence the missionaries naturally looked for help from across the Pacific, and the American Movement responded nobly to the appeal, establishing in conjunction with the Missions, " Societies of Youth " in the two chief capital cities of Manchuria. The Scots collaborated in Moukden, the Irish in Kirin.

Mountain Chain went north and was at once in his element. Late in the evenings by lamplight, he would have many a straight talk with men about the deepest things, in the quiet of his private room. It was a sacred spot. He was gaining them one by one.

" Wireless telegraphy, what's that ?"

" Oh, its electricity without wire. A lecturer is coming from Shanghai to tell us about it. Will you go ?"

It was about a year later. Two boys were discussing the forthcoming event. There was excitement in the Kirin schools. Officials, soldiers, merchants, schoolgirls, as well as schoolboys, were going in their turn. One hundred chief men of the city received well-bound copies of the New Testament, many of them promising to study

* The Red Triangle ▽ signifies the three-fold nature of man—Spirit, Soul, and Body.

the Book. During those thronging days, the Y.M.C.A. lecturer, with abundant and expensive apparatus, employed his scientific skill to drive home Gospel truths. So great was the impression made, that the Provincial Assembly resolved to request the Y.M.C.A. to establish Associations throughout the province. One rich gentleman proposed to the Rev. James McWhirter the raising, for this purpose, of a loan in Britain of £200,000, pledging his own wealth as security !

That year* Mountain Chain received an uplift. Dr. John R. Mott, head of the Student Movement of the world, had come from America to Moukden. The vast concourse in the mat-shed was unforgettable. Teachers, students, representatives from different centres, 5,000 of them, presented their tickets, and faced Dr. Mott as he delivered the loving message of the Saviour. Never before had such a gathering been seen throughout the length and breadth of China. Those Christian workers who, like Mountain Chain, came together for the conference, were led by the American leader's spiritual intensity to realize the need of fuller and closer *union*† in face of their gigantic task.

In the summer of 1915, Mountain Chain was distressed to hear of the destruction of his old school by the Hsinmintun floods. On paying a visit there, he found a large part of the town

* 1913.

† At Dr. Mott's Moukden Conference, there were present 100 Chinese picked men and women, with 77 Manchurian missionaries, Scottish and Irish Presbyterians, and Danish Lutherans.

turned into a broad lake, with trees and parts of houses dotted through it. The river had burst with a mighty roar, carrying mud houses, everything, irresistibly before it. Mountain Chain was borne on a coolie's back through the water to visit his friend, Padre Mung, whom he discovered wading up to the knees in the slimy current.

"This will be bad for your rheumatism, Padre," said his former pupil.

"It might have been worse," was the cheery reply. "Just to-day I slipped into a hole and was nearly drowned. It took eight men to drag me out."

"It's sad to see the loss of your beautiful schools. What will you do ?"

The Padre could hardly steady his voice to reply.

"The work of years swept away," he said. "My boys and girls will soon be back, too. But we shall begin again. Do you not remember our Latin motto, *Nil desperandum ?* Besides, I have some very generous friends in far-away Belfast. They will not see me stuck."

The Padre's faith was justified. When almost overwhelmed, three Belfast families came to his rescue. Larger and stronger buildings were put up, with enclosures surrounded by a flood-proof wall. The whole Church rejoices that now Mr. Omelvena can pursue unhindered the high task to which God has called him, and in which he is unrivalled—the task of training Chinese boys and girls *to teach.*

Though Mountain Chain was afterwards transferred to the Moukden Y.M.C.A., he was always

on the lookout for news from his old chums in Kirin. In 1916 he heard some stirring news. It was an account by the Rev. W. M. Cargin of a meeting in the Normal School, the headmaster of which had been hostile to the Y.M.C.A. The speaker was a distinguished Christian educationalist from Tientsin, Mr. Chang Boa-ling.

" A great room," wrote Mr. Cargin, " packed to overflowing with close upon four hundred excited boys, all standing. There was no room to sit down ! Those at the back craned their necks to see: all had their eyes fastened on the speaker. Here and there I could see my friends: the best ' soccer ' player of the city, with his kindly face lifted above the crowd ; the leader in athletics with his wandering gaze; the little Korean, with his squat figure and twinkling little eyes, standing in front; the best student in our English school at the side, mouth open, pondering; a great tall boy with eyes like a deer.

" And they were all tense, waiting. A round of excited clapping greeted Mr. Chang on his arrival. He began in a low voice gently, but he held them bound. He talked to them of their country, of China's beauty and wealth and resources. Now and then they burst into little volleys of applause. Suddenly he rounded on them.

" ' Of what is she short ?' he asked. ' Of what is she short ?' and passion vibrated in the air. ' With all this, how can it be she is shackled ?' They were waiting, awed, for the blow. And he struck !

' Is it possible she is short of men ? A quarter

of the population of the globe, and still short of men—men who are worthy of the name? I leave it to you to say where they are to be found. I leave you to say if they will be found among you.' "

Better still, in 1917, Mountain Chain heard of fruit of these efforts along new lines to win men in Kirin. "In front of the pulpit stood a row of twenty-one men, professing their faith in Jesus Christ. One of them was a magistrate and ten were bright young students, most of them from Government schools."

This good news somehow convinced him of the truth of an opinion that had been forming in his mind.

"Long before the people of the West were civilized," he reflected, "the sons of Han* read books and held learning in respect. And now, I do believe we Christians are the real sons of Han. For we have the true learning, the Word of God. The ignorant members of the Church are encouraged to read the Bible for themselves. The children are taught it in our Christian schools. In the splendid Colleges founded by the Mission, the leaders of the future are being educated for the Church, that is to preserve the best of the strenuous West and the meditative East. The unbelieving majority may persecute us but we are the heirs of the ancient tradition of China. While all our countrymen respect the learning of the printed page, we *Christian Chinese* are verily 'the People of the Book.' "

* The Chinese.

CHAPTER VIII

FROM THE EAST

"I thank my God upon all my remembrance of you."

"I hear a clear voice calling, calling,
Calling out of the night.
'O you who live in the Light of Life,
Bring us the Light!'"

I

"Is the foreign smoke ready?" asked Mr. Teng crossly.

"In a moment," answered his harassed wife, as she placed the brass tray, the small lamp, the long needle, and the thick bamboo pipe beside the ball of dark stuff on the *kang*.

Mr. Teng had come home from his bootshop later than usual. It was past the hour for his evening opium smoke. For want of the accustomed drug, he was in pain. He could not help being miserable.

Over the lamp he held a pellet of the black opium, until it gave off the fumes, which were sucked in through the big pipe. In a few minutes his misery was gone, and he was ready for his supper. After supper, his face flushed with wine, he sat till past midnight with a couple of cronies, gambling at cards. That night he lost heavily.

In the morning he rose later than usual. His head ached and he was very unhappy.

"How long is this to go on?" he asked himself. "I am over forty, and my life is a ruin."

Utterly dejected, he was walking slowly to the shop, when his languid eye was arrested by the red paper back of a book. Stopping to look at it, he found other volumes also spread out on a cloth laid on the ground. But the red book was the only one he bought. In the shop he read it, and in his home he read it. Three times he went through it before he understood its meaning. It was not a long book, and the language was simple —too simple, in fact, for an educated man. And Mr. Teng was by no means stupid. It was the red book that was new and strange—"Ma-kea Happy News."*

A few months afterwards, when Mr. Carson was preaching in the open air near his shop, Mr. Teng drank in all that was said. He was becoming a changed man. Giving up opium nearly cost him his life. For three days, lying in excruciating pain, he ate nothing. Then he rose up, weak and worn, but free from the galling chain that had bound him. By the grace of God, he was determined to be a Christian.

"When no man cared for my soul," said Mr. Teng, "the Gospel came with power and wrought a great change in my life."

A change indeed! In 1884 he was baptized, the first to enter the Church in Chinchow.

"Sha, sha!"† The pack of human wolves yelled hoarsely outside the compound wall. It was a dark night in the Boxer year. Mr. Teng, now an elder and the most notable member of the

* Mark's Gospel. † Slay, slay.

ELDER TENG OF CHINCHOW.

persecuted foreign sect in the city, had made his escape, but his enemies had found out where he lay hidden. During the night they did not venture to break in, and before the grey dawn streaked the horizon, the Elder and his little son had vanished. From place to place, while the terror lasted, the fugitives were hunted as if they were enemies of the human race. For himself Elder Teng had no fear. Ready to die ? Yes. But how about his little son ?

To describe Elder Teng's character in later years would sound like exaggeration. The only thing one wanted to improve was a slight stammer, when he was speaking fast ! During his twenty years on the Chinchow Kirk-session, there never was a vote or division in council. Yet the leading elder was the humblest of men. Little tots clung to him trustingly. Sometimes he was blunt in manner. Tall and dignified, he would from the pulpit reprove erring members in such a way that it left no sting. With his money he was very generous, relieving the poor and advancing the cause of Truth. Many a poor Chinese boy owes whatever education he received to the Elder's gifts, often unknown to others. In the Synod, his vigorous mind led him usually to advanced positions, far ahead of his time.

Above all, he gave his strength without stint to the extension of the Kingdom. While still paying attention to his bootshop, he never tired of preaching on the streets and in the villages. Nothing seemed ever to unsettle him. His last illness was brought on by over-exerting himself in Christian work. In 1916 he died at the age of seventy-three, with thirty-four descendants

to mourn his loss. According to the Rev. John Keers, his close companion, Elder Teng might truthfully have summed up the years since his conversion in the words: "To me to live is Christ."

On the day of his funeral, respectful crowds lined the city streets. A heathen acquaintance, who could not go himself, sent his son to perform the highest act of homage to the departed, in the ancient way, by prostrating himself before the bier and bumping his head repeatedly upon the ground.

II

"No other religion can tell me what the stars are. Christianity can, and therefore it must be true."

Such was the reasoning of Shang Precious Virtue. The reading of the Gospel had produced no effect on him. But a tract by Griffith John, giving a few facts about astronomy, had convinced his mind. A thoughtful, quiet young man, he had had several years' training in the most respectable business in China—a pawnshop. At this time he was in charge of the stall where the vegetables grown in the family's market-garden were sold. Though convinced of the Truth, he did not immediately put down his name as a catechumen or inquirer, with a view to joining the Church. For the evangelist then in his town, Fakumen, was a hindrance rather than a help. But after the "Great Hungry Wolf," as the evangelist was nicknamed, was dismissed, and Elder Hsu, afterwards the martyr, was appointed in his place, Mr. Shang saw that to be a Christian did not mean to be a rascal.

He was baptized in 1894, and elected an elder in 1900, the year of the Boxer Persecution. Although in constant danger at that time, he was never asked the fatal question, "Are you a Jesus-religion man?" Wandering alone on the wooded hills west of Fakumen, he would sing his favourite hymns. One of them was:

"Like a river glorious
Is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious
In its bright increase."

"Always when I prayed," said the Elder, speaking of those terrible days, "I felt the nearness of God, as if I was speaking face to face with the Lord. Sometimes in the evenings when no stranger was in the room, I would explain the Doctrine to my relatives and friends, telling them the great way of saving men could never be destroyed. One day I came across a group of men sitting in the village street discussing a 'human cannon' looted from Moukden Hospital. I told them that what had been carried through Moukden streets, was only a human skeleton, used in teaching medical students. There was dead silence. I had stirred up trouble. I had to leave."

On another occasion his friends exhorted him to travel by night.

"No," said he, "for we are going in the direction of Fakumen. If we go by night, we shall excite suspicion, but not if we go by day."

His friends stared at him, thinking he was mesmerized, for daring to approach his native town.

When the Russians came up the country and order was restored, those who had sided with the Boxers were terrified, in their turn. The

adherents of the Boxers had mostly come from the popular religious sect, called the " Vegetarians."

" When I meet a Vegetarian," remarked the Elder, " he at once makes me a bow, and I tell him not to be anxious." For Mr. Shang desired no revenge on his foes. Nor would he accept any Government indemnity for his losses.

In the war with Russia, when the Japanese, after the battle of Moukden, took control of Fakumen, they began to make a clean sweep of our familiar filth. Roads became strangely level, yards lost at least a few of their evil smells. The Elder rejoiced. For his pet hobby was hygiene, or " protection of life," as it is in Chinese.

He was appointed temporary assistant chief of the Sanitary Board, willingly co-operating with the Japanese authorities. Fearless of giving offence, one day he asked the Japanese to put a stop to the loathsome Chinese custom of casting out infants, dead or only ill, to become food for the dogs. The proposal was gladly accepted, and the practice, due to superstitious fear, was forbidden. For his public services, the Governor-General rewarded him with the rank of the Fifth Button.

It was during the Plague of 1911 that Elder Shang's greatness rose to its height. While the fell disease was mowing down its victims in Fakumen, he toiled night and day as acting superintendent of plague work. Burning good property in the form of infected bedding, and even burning dead bodies, was not popular. What matter that blame would be earned more readily than praise ? The Elder thought not of the praise of men.

One cold night in the office of the Plague Prevention Committee, he raised his voice in prayer:

"O God, may the people be led, as in the time of Jonah, to repent, that Thy chastening hand may be stayed, for hast Thou not sent this calamity, because they refused to listen to the Gospel?"

A rough isolation hospital was prepared on the outskirts of the town. When it was ready, there arose a serious difficulty. Who would take charge? The patients to be removed to the Hospital could not recover. There was no remedy for pneumonia plague. To stay there meant almost certain death. No one could be commanded to go, and no one was willing. Officials, medicals, gentry—all drew back. Then one evening Elder Shang went to the Padre, to bid him good-bye.

"I have volunteered to go," he said quietly.

There were tears in the eyes of both, as they parted. The Padre's dearest friend among the Chinese was leaving him, perhaps for the last time. With no flourish of trumpets and for no human reward, the Elder went forth readily to give his life for his heathen fellow-townsmen. Throughout the epidemic he kept his post of danger. God spared him. He came back alive.

One more instance of the courage of this Christian hero.

"I have had a pleasant experience to-day," he said to the Padre. "Over at the Catholic Mission, the school teacher and I were looking at the new building. A Catholic objected to our presence and struck us both. He kicked me. My leg is sore yet. One of their leading members, seeing us insulted, blushed very red, and

spoke to the offender. But we just came away."

"What would you like me to do?" asked the Padre. "Shall I write to the French priest and complain?"

"Do nothing at all," was his reply. "When our members hear that the Elder was beaten and nothing was done about it, it will be a warning to them. Not to pay back an insult brings us happiness."

III

"The Golden Pill Sect is suppressed. Flee at once. Your life is in danger."

Liu Wen-rui turned pale at the dread news. In the ardour of his youth, he had persuaded many to join the sect, of which he was now one of the principal men. He himself longed to find the secret of immortality. Others joined for a very different reason. They aimed at overthrowing the Government. Now he must flee for his life. But whither? The messenger offered his advice.

"Have you not heard of the British Padre at Kuanchengtze? He might give you refuge."

With all speed, the young man hastened to the Padre. It was Mr. Carson, and he received the fugitive without demur. The accusation against him did not relate to his character.

As a small boy he had prayed to the gods for his widowed mother's recovery from her long illness. When no answer came, and his mother died, he wished to become an ascetic and withdraw from the world. But his people put him into business, which later he gave up, to devote himself to propagating the religious teaching of the Golden Pill Sect.

Under the Padre's care he very soon found what he had long sought, the true secret of immortality, and in 1890 he was admitted into the Church, the first convert from Kuyushu (or Lone Elm Tree).

From that time till to-day, Mr. Liu has been the faithful shepherd of the ever-growing company of believers in the wide district of Lone Elm Tree, which up till 1899 had no missionary resident. In that year he was chosen for the eldership, and being a marked man in the Boxer Rising, he followed the missionaries who escaped to Vladivostock in Siberia.

In the Moukden Theological College he finished his training for the ministry, adding knowledge to his already gained experience of the Christian life. Among men who burned the midnight oil (now electricity) in the study of theology, Mr. Liu was one of the foremost.

"No prophet is acceptable in his own country," or, as the Chinese proverb puts it: "It is the Buddist priest *from a distance* who can recite prayers well." The Christians of Lone Elm Tree thought otherwise. No one else would they have as their own minister. In spite of the stress of the times the congregations of the district subscribed a fund for investment, the interest of which would be sufficient to pay the modest stipend of a Chinese Pastor, about £25 to £30 a year. They "called" their favourite elder—indeed, their father in God—a vigorous man of fifty, and in January, 1916, he was ordained to the ministry in Lone Elm Tree.*

* The district, of which the Rev. Andrew Weir is the superintendent, has a combined congregation of 1,000 members,

At the ordination, the church building was a long whitewashed room, with a floor of porous, grey brick. The pulpit resembled a packing-case set on end, adorned with a red sun rising out of stiff waves of blue, green, and white. To raise the heat of the atmosphere above freezing point, there were a couple of ancient rickety, iron stoves, long unfamiliar with blacklead!

As Moderator of Synod (the General Assembly of Manchuria), Pastor Liu was, in Dr. Fulton's opinion, "unquestionably the best we have ever had. There was not only no waste of time, but even when he from the chair threw in a few remarks of his own on a question under discussion, they were always helpful toward drawing out other speakers and hastening a decision."

It is one of the peculiar privileges of missionary life to come into close contact with the present day saints of other lands. The Rev. W. Miskelly speaks of Pastor Liu as "my intimate friend whose counsel I sought in every difficulty and with whom I always felt I could talk heart to heart. Few Christians in Manchuria have a record of service so honourable and unblemished."

IV

It was Christmas Day in the crowded church. On the programme was a song—"Two little eyes to look to God." Can that be the singer being placed on the table below the pulpit? Everyone was watching the tiny tot, Precious Happiness,

scattered in 25 groups over an area as large as two Ulster counties. The total population of the district is about one million—*i.e.*, 1,000 times the membership of the Church. Pastor Liu regularly visits each of the 25 small groups.

three and a half years old. Her mother stood beside her.

"Sing," the mother gently urged. The child turned shy and refused to sing. But her mother was not abashed. Mrs. Martha Chang was always calm. She persevered in her instruction, until next Christmas six little ones were able to sing the hymn, and on the Christmas Day of the following year,* twenty-one small children from the Fakumen Kindergarten delighted the large congregation with simple action songs and drill. The Chinese were beyond measure impressed. Who would have dreamt that little ones so small could be taught! To think of the other children picking up bad language and worse habits on the streets! This was a better sermon than any ever preached by the foreign Padre. And the plan was begun by Martha.

"Will you give up smoking cigarettes?"

When teaching in the Government Girls' School, Martha had often tried to persuade her non-Christian colleague to give up smoking.

"You know you spend ten cents to buy fifteen cigarettes a day, and you are ruining your eyes."

"All right, I will give it up," replied her colleague reluctantly.

"You have promised," said Martha. "Here is a ring as a pledge of your vow. Every time you look at the ring, you will remember your promise."

It was the same among the women of the Church. She organized a branch of the World Women's Temperance Union. In company with bands of voluntary women workers, she visited

* 1915.

the homes, explaining to mothers simple principles of health, striving to uplift both soul and body. The disciples marvelled that Jesus spake unto a woman. And the marvel of it is in the East to-day. It is too good to be true! The lives of the women are so empty, empty of interest, of beauty, of love. Their homes are to us so unhomelike.

Martha was sent by God to point out the way. In the pulpit she pled with the fathers and mothers to suffer the little ones to come to the Saviour. She spoke to the hearts of the women from the depth of her own ripe fellowship with Jesus. The staff of the Fakumen district included thirty trained preachers and a couple of ordained pastors. But a woman was easily the best preacher of them all.

"Can we afford to send him to college?"

The question was anxiously debated among the Changs. Martha would at once have answered, "Yes." Her salary as schoolteacher was the main support of the home. But she knew her proper place. She must defer to her mother-in-law. Her husband's father was feeble and past work. Without seeming disrespectful to the old people, Martha managed to carry her point. Her husband would go to the Manchuria Christian College. She would do her best to support him there.

When her little boy was lying very ill, he looked up into his mother's face and said:

"Sing me, 'For I will receive them and fold them to My bosom.'"

Martha steadied her voice and sang.

" Has he much longer to live ?" she asked the doctor.

Dr. Isabel Mitchell, who had been carefully tending the boy for days, shook her head.

" Take him in your arms, then," and she placed her boy in the doctor's arms, and went into the small adjoining room to seek in prayer strength for the sacrifice. In the doctor's arms the little laddie passed away. It was the dawn of a Christmas Day.

Next day in the compound of the school, they gathered for a service. After singing some of the hymns the child had loved, the stricken mother spoke, and this is what she said:

" Yesterday was Christmas Day. God gave His son to us on Christmas Day, and I am glad my child has gone as a birthday gift to Jesus. He is not dead. I see him now, in the arms of Jesus, beside the throne of God."

Martha had grown up in a Christian school. The Gospel story was the breath of her life. In her wide sphere she was the inevitable leader, not pushing herself to the front, but simply accepting her natural place with all its duties. Dr. Mott, at his Moukden Conference, had been struck by Martha's speaking, and had selected her for special committee work. The crown of her rich endowment from her Master was His gift of peace, unruffled peace of manners and of mind.

And now on a breezy hillside overlooking Fakumen, her body rests in peace. In the summer of last year (1918), at the age of thirty-four, she passed beyond our mortal sight—beyond, yet not far beyond.

CHAPTER IX

FROM THE WEST

" Making it my aim to preach the Gospel, not where Christ was already named."

" ' Freely as ye have received, so give,'
He bade, who hath given us all;
How shall the soul in us longer live,
Dead to their starving call,
For whom the blood of the Lord was shed,
And His body broken to give them bread,
If we eat our morsel alone ?"

I

On a dispensary tour, the doctor had the use of the evangelist's own room. She felt grateful to a hungry mule, because he tore off and ate a few window-panes, thus letting in fresh air. An old woman was shown in.

" Please sit down," said the doctor. " What is your illness ?"

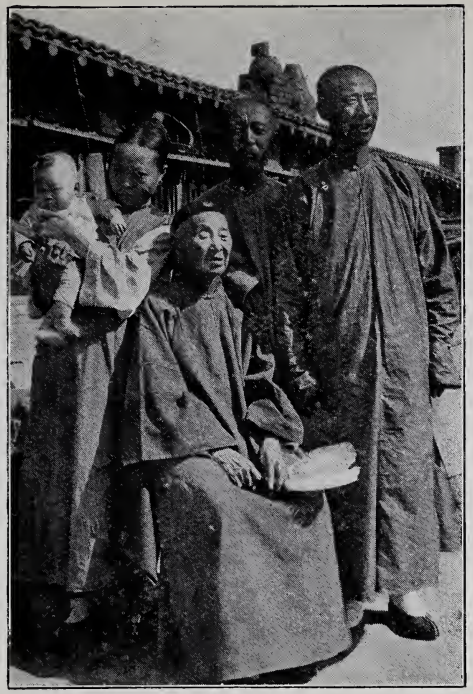
" My illness ? Ah ! How old are you ?" inquired the old lady.

" Never mind how old I am. What sickness have you got ?"

" My illness, ah ! (To the dispenser, Miss Gao): " What is your name and how old are you ?"

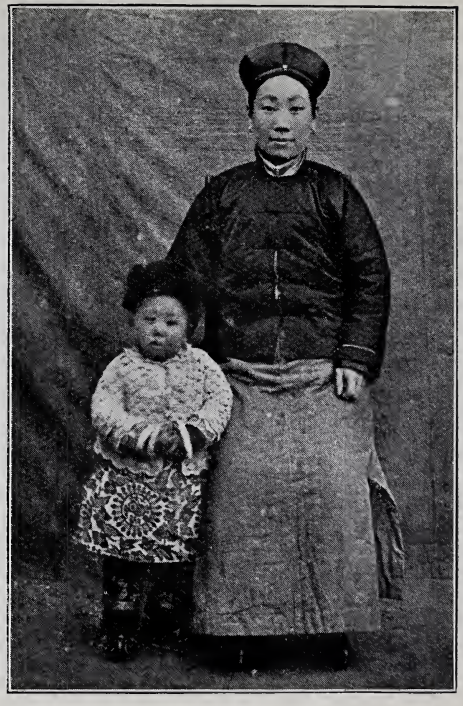
" Answer the doctor," commanded Miss Gao.

" Now, old lady," said the doctor, " let me see your tongue."



FOUR GENERATIONS OF CHRISTIANS.

Elder Shang (to right), his mother, brother, daughter and grandson.



MRS. MARTHA CHANG AND HER DAUGHTER.

The old lady turned to Miss Gao.

"What does she want to see my tongue for?"

"Oh, show it to her," replied Miss Gao. "She wants to cure you."

The tongue was thrust out, and the doctor inquired:

"Have you pain in your stomach?"

"Just feel my pulse, and tell me what sickness I have."

"Well," the doctor replied, "if you do not choose to answer my questions, you must wait outside till I have finished."

"Oh," burst out the old lady, "I have a piece of hardness in my body, and a living thing that goes 'Bung, bung, bung.'"

"Open your dress and let me see the place."

Hesitation and another appeal to Miss Gao, who told her the doctor only wanted to find out what was wrong. After the examination, the doctor proceeded:

"The piece of hardness is your spine, and the living thing is a large blood-vessel."

Miss Gao had to confirm this.

"The doctor does not tell lies. You can believe her words."

So off went the old lady quite happy with a packet of medicine for indigestion, which was all she needed.

Who was the patient physician? It was Dr. Elizabeth Beatty. Although from student days she had meant to be a missionary yet for a long time, on account of home claims she was unable to carry out her purpose. Then one day she found herself free to go. On her form of application to the Women's Missionary Association

occurs the unique entry, " Age, 50 *next March*." She gave up her fine practice in Dublin, in order to devote her talents to the needy Chinese women and children.

Arriving in Kuangning, Manchuria, in 1906, she was compelled after eleven years to retire from the Mission on account of failing health. For the latter half of her period abroad, owing to private circumstances, she was able to decline any salary, and to give her services without fee. On her departure in 1917, her colleague, Mr. Hunter, revealed the secret of her strong, magnetic personality.

" Hers was a life of prayer," wrote Mr. Hunter, " a life, too, of answered prayer. At the Boxer time, the Church in an outstation, Lalatun, ceased to exist. No one seemed able to bring the Christians together again. Then a few years ago, three Christians came to ask for a preacher to be appointed. I was delighted, but could not arrange for more than a visit from a preacher once a month. Next time I went there, the place was full, the broken-down house patched up, and a living Church there.

" When I returned, Dr. Beatty asked about this place.

" ' Why do you ask specially about it ?' I inquired.

" ' Because I have been praying specially for it,' she answered. ' For each of the outstations I give one day each month, but for Lalatun I pray every day.'

" Her face lit up, tears of gratitude stood in her shining eyes, and her gladness and thanks to God were good to hear.

" This place has gone on. There are now sixty inquirers, and half the salary of a preacher has been undertaken by the Christians there. That is but one of the fruits of Dr. Beatty's prayers."

In her Hospital at Kuangning, a schoolboy lay very ill with smallpox. His mother was sent for.

" You will have to stay and nurse him," was the doctor's order to the mother.

" Well," said the mother, " I will go into town to buy things."

" No you won't. You must stay here, and I will lock both doors and keep the keys."

" I might just as well be in gaol. I will go home."

" Go," said the doctor, " and peace be with you. I will hire a woman, and you will have to pay her sixteen shillings a month."

" I must stay," was the mother's reply. " But you must close the window. He will die of cold."

" No, the window is not to be closed."

At eleven o'clock one night, the doctor found the window closed.

" If that window is closed again," said she, " I will break the glass, and you will have to replace it."

A deep sigh and a look of horror was the mother's only reply. The wee lad grew weaker. The doctor struck a bargain with him, that he would take the food she made for him, and he was loyal to his promise.

" It gave me a shock," wrote Dr. Beatty, " when I was trembling for his life, to find that he had all faith in me, and that all that was troubling him was his fear of being pockmarked.

The disease was at its height, and I was very anxious, for the boy's strength was failing, and I knew everyone would say, if he died, that the foreign doctor had killed him.

"One Saturday night I could not sleep for thinking of him, and the promise in James v. 15 came into my mind—'The prayer of faith shall save the sick.' I prayed for the child's life, and in forty-eight hours his temperature was down, his pulse was better, and he was practically out of danger.

"For days after, I went about singing the hundred and third Psalm to myself, and realizing the fulfilment of the promise—'My servant shall sing for joy of heart.'"

On one memorable occasion Dr. Beatty addressed the Chinese Synod. Being deeply concerned about the proper observance of the Lord's Day, she had composed a lively, imaginative story, called "The Angels' Conference," and had had it issued in the Mandarin language. The criticism of the Church's shortcomings was none the less effective because it was so humorous. The Chinese presbyters were warm in Dr. Beatty's praise, and her address was ordered to be printed for widespread circulation. They were touched by the fact that their instructor was a *woman.*

She has now had to leave Manchuria. For Kuangning with its fifty thousand inhabitants, and the district with twenty-five market towns, she had been—it is almost incredible to say—*the only medical missionary.* Now that she has gone, there is no one to take her place. The

opportunity is splendid, the need is desperate, and—the door of the Hospital is shut.

"Holy in Spirit,
Thou hast filled our souls
With heavenly food.
We of this land
With longing eyes
Look westward to Thee."

(*From a Chinese Poem of Farewell to Dr. Beatty.*)

II

"Will you not take the three temples and the four acres of land, Padre? They are mine. I have been a Buddhist priest for twenty-seven years."

In Fuchou, one of the outstations of Newchwang, the Rev. James Carson had been chatting with the priest, when this startling proposal was put forward.

"I am afraid," he replied, "the Church could not accept your generous gift. It might be misunderstood."

"Please do accept it," urged the disappointed priest. "I wish to prove to everyone that I do really believe in the Jesus Religion and have broken with the past."

The Padre thanked the priest, gently but firmly declining his remarkable offer.

A year passed, during which the priest's friends tried to dissuade him from taking the fatal step of joining the Church. But his heart was no longer in the service of the temple, and he longed for freedom. Then one day Mr. Carson had an interview with the local mandarin, and in fifteen minutes it was arranged that the Temple of the Dragon King should be handed over to the public authority. Mr. Ox, the priest, was free to doff his Buddhist robes and allow the hair to

grow on his shaven pate. He was free also to carry out his cherished wish to become an open follower of the Lord, and perhaps lead others to follow Him.

This is but one of the very many incidents in the long history of Mr. Carson's forty-five years of missionary life. From the day when, in 1877, he baptized the preacher, Djin Dsoa-yung, and his wife, the gladdening first-fruits of the Mission, until the present time, our veteran pioneer has seen the harvest gradually ripening. At first it seemed as if the toil of the labourers was vain, so meagre and disheartening were the results. The Port of Newchwang, where Mr. Carson has spent most of his life, is, as he has called it, " the most barren of all places " in spiritual fruit. Yet progress has been steady. The small building erected by Dr. Hunter in his own compound in 1872 gave place, thirty-three years later, to a fine new church in the heart of the town, the valuable site of which was bought and presented by Mr. Carson himself.

In his fortieth year of service, the Port congregation became self-supporting. To the joy of all, Licentiate Chu was ordained as minister of the Port. At the time of the Revival, Mr. Chu had received great blessing, and is now " one of the most acceptable, as well as cogent and persuasive, speakers in all Manchuria."

The experience of our senior veteran, covering almost the whole period of the Mission, links the present with the past. Of this there are many indications. One of the two street-chapels of the Port, reopened in 1897, is the famous building used by W. C. Burns, and is therefore the oldest of the kind in the Province.

"Who is the young woman?" whispered the Chairman of the Merchant's Guild to the Secretary of the Yamen.

"It is the Mission-School teacher," was the answer.

A public meeting was being held in the church of Kaichow, an outstation of the Port. Several rows of the chief men of the city, being invited guests, were in front. Some of the guests had spoken. But the speech of the day was that of the young Christian teacher, who for over an hour discoursed to the grave and reverend gentlemen on "The Advantages of Women's Education." And she got a grand reception.

"What a contrast," wrote Mr. Carson, "to the time that I remember so vividly, when, under the Manchu régime, a Manchu official did his utmost to keep us out of the city," even threatening to demolish the premises if anyone should dare to rent a house for the Mission!

"The attitude of the people towards Christianity," in Mr. Carson's opinion, "is undoubtedly changing. I never expected to see such a thing as this." It was the admission by baptism of twenty-four persons at one time into the Port congregation. In the latest report (for 1918), one of the most notable signs of spiritual growth mentioned was the work conducted in the gaol among the prisoners by a band of volunteers, who went there once a week. The prison authorities gave every facility, and considered themselves under obligation to the Church for assisting to reform the criminal class. About thirty were anxious to be enrolled as inquirers.

During the Boxer Persecution and the three wars, during the Plague and the Revolution,

Mr. and Mrs. Carson remained at their perilous post. It was in the days of the Russo-Japanese War that Mrs. Carson gained distinction.

A rude Cossack was leading a cow he had just looted from a Chinese compound. The owner, being a Christian, fled to the Manse with the news of the theft. At once Mrs. Carson started in pursuit. Facing the armed robber, she waved at him a harmless umbrella.

"Begone!" she said sternly, as she seized the cow's halter.

The astonished Cossack, who, if he knew little English, understood a woman's righteous wrath, relinquished his booty without a murmur, and slunk away defeated.

By such actions as this, Mrs. Carson earned a great reputation for intrepidity. Thoroughly deserved was the tribute paid to her in 1899 on the occasion of her husband's completion of twenty-five years' service.

"In perils by land and river, in perils by robbers, in her ready adaptability to every emergency of Chinese life, she has set us an example of true courage and devotion."

The address in which these words occur, was given to Mr. Carson by his fellow-missionaries. It speaks of his well-known attainments in the Chinese classics and literature, and his thorough mastery of the speech of the people.

"What you have been to your fellow-missionaries, you have been to all, of whatsoever nationality or walk in life."

Besides a minute knowledge of the perplexing Chinese tongue, a personal interest in all the members of his widely scattered flock, and a

courtesy that never fails, the senior Irish missionary has a still rarer quality. When offered the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity by the Theological Faculty of our Irish Church, he declined to accept it. What led him to put aside the honour was his humility.

More than twenty years after Mr. Carson went to China, a raw recruit on his first arrival was thawing in the hospitable Mission House at Newchwang. He was surprised when his host presented him with a useful Chinese dictionary. He opened it and read, above his own name, three simple words, which touched him in a way he never could forget. The inscription written by his distinguished senior was:

"To my Colleague."

III

"But how could *I* ever be a doctor?" Isabel Mitchell was eighteen years of age and had heard of the crying need of China for women doctors. God opened the way; she graduated M.B. of Glasgow University, left her "long-loved home," and began her career in Manchuria in 1905.

As the pioneer medical missionary in Fakumen, she opened a dispensary in a couple of tiny attic rooms. Her work grew and grew, until after four years a spacious hospital came into being.

"It has cost £600," she wrote, "and the money has come to us wonderfully."

The suffering women and children, even from distant regions of Mongolia, jolted over the wretched roads to beg the gentle doctor to heal them. "Carts are at the door continually at all sorts of inconvenient hours."

Made of iron though her frail body seemed to be, her tireless spirit drove her unconsciously beyond the limit of her physical powers. "Sometimes I think I like it better than anything else in the world; and sometimes I am so tired, and things are so hard I want to go home to the quiet room and the hyacinths."

She was a healer, because she took the sufferings of others upon herself. Here is an instance. An old woman was brought into the dispensary on a plank. The day was hot, and the flies swarmed in after her. When the sores, with which she was covered, were opened up, the stench was unbearable. One dispenser took ill. It was the doctor herself who wrapped up the patient in newspapers and ointment, and had then to hurry away to change all her clothes.

The most striking thing in the hospital was the sight of the six young Chinese women dispensers, trained by Dr. Mitchell, both in medical science and in Scripture. Sir Alexander Hosie, the British Commissioner, once paid a visit to her hospital. "He gasped at my operating theatre, but he spoke nicely to the few ladies who were side by side on the *kang*, and was amazed at the young girls, who could give chloroform and dispense Latin prescriptions. I felt quite puffed up, so I am ready for a fall now."

If medicine was her work, the Sunday-school was her recreation. "Coming to know the children of a land is like finding the flowers, when you thought all was bare hillside and dusty road. Certainly these wee pets are the flowers for me, and I just look forward to Sunday and to Friday night's preparation class as I do to nothing else."

For on Friday, after her strenuous day in the hospital, she taught the young girl teachers of her junior Sunday-school—in some respects the finest thing in Manchuria. "Compared with home Sunday-schools," said Miss McKerrow, a delegate from the U.F. Church of Scotland, "it could be ranked among the very best. Yet it was superintended by a busy Medical Missionary in China, and in one of the lonely stations in that far-off land!"

So well organized was this school that months after Dr. Mitchell's death, her sister found it going on in the same way as when the doctor was there. "I was simply amazed," wrote Mrs. McWhirter to her mother, "at the way the girls conducted it. A young dispenser opened, another played the organ, a third beat time, and a fourth pointed to each character in the hymn, which was written out large and pinned on the board. A little prayer was said in unison, then the teacher for the day read over the lesson in child's language. Then a tiny stood at the desk with a silver bowl, and the others marched to singing and dropped in their cash. Then while the tiny held the bowl high above his little bowed head, there was a short prayer of dedication of the money. Then the classes formed, three or at most four to each young teacher. I sat in several classes and was delighted at the freshness and simpleness of the teaching—just a quarter of an hour, I think. A stave was played on the organ as a signal for change, and the kiddies all commenced to colour with crayons the big outline characters on the leaflets. Another bar of music, and the senior girl who was leading went up to the desk, and

question and answer in quick succession went on for five minutes—and didn't those wee ones answer!

"Then the leader produced a big sand-tray with a nice hill on which were growing tall grasses and cornflowers; a river, and a smaller hill, were all arranged. Then came David, tall and stately, in white paper clothes, with a red string round his waist and an extra fine shepherd's crook. After him came the sheep, about a dozen, awfully neat, two pieces of millet and four legs. Out came another tray, a forest! And in the middle of it a white fringed lion, the typical kind the Chinese draw. This fearsome beast bounded over to the peaceful valley and made off with a sheep. David gave chase, rescued the lamb, and then had an encounter with the lion, in which his clothes were all torn, but the lion's head came off at last, and all was well. Another little hymn and the Lord's Prayer, and we all trooped out.

"Talk of Memorials, Mother! There is one of the finest in that Infant Sunday-school that mortal heart could crave."

Dr. Ida loved the Chinese children, even the dirtiest. It was a year or two, however, before she really loved them enough to *enjoy* taking them in her arms. "I just can't love these children enough," she wrote. "I really do not know how I ever existed in Fakumen before I took them in hand. There used to be fewer, but now that there are over a hundred, it is a hundred times as nice."

The day before her last illness began, she had a party for the Cradle Roll babies and their

mothers. She arranged the presents for them in a red Chinese cradle, and placed them in the centre of the room. Tea and sweets were passed round, and she went about, the life of the party, always with one of the babies in her arms.

It was in striving to save others that she gave up her own life. Infected with diptheria from one of her Chinese patients, whose diseased throat she had been closely examining, Dr. Ida took ill and died in March, 1917, after eleven and a half years of the noblest Christian service ever given on earth.

"In Fakumen she will always live on. An influence and a spirit like hers can never die."

But the labourers are few, and Dr. Isabel Mitchell's beautiful hospital has now no resident doctor.

IV

"It is a chance few fellows get."

So spoke Dr. Arthur Jackson,* who had volunteered for the post of greatest danger in fighting the Plague at Moukden. The scourge had been carrying off its thousands in the North. It spread southwards along the roads and the railway-line. Chinese coolies, going south in crowds, not knowing that the infection was carried by the cough and the spit, one after another caught the Plague and perished.

Moukden, the capital, with its teeming population, was threatened. For a train-load of coolies on their way south had been stopped at the Great Wall, and sent back. Some of the passengers had already succumbed. Here was the post of

* United Free Church of Scotland Mission.

danger. Dr. Jackson, only two months in the country, at once offered to go to Moukden station, to examine four hundred and seventy panic-stricken men and segregate the sick.

In white smock, with a hood and face-mask soaked in disinfectants, he toiled day and night with the strength of a giant. He had been a Cambridge athlete, the best oar in his college boat. It was in the depth of winter, with sixty-two degrees of frost the first night, when several died. Many more deaths occurred the next day. The coolies were carefully tended in large inns, the best available accommodation. Many a poor man received the support of the doctor's arm, when being removed to the shelter. The doctor's only thought was how to alleviate their sufferings. There was no case of recovery. Science had provided no cure. Once the Black Death set its mark on anyone, his doom was sealed.

Dr. Jackson was very careful, too, of his assistants.

"Don't come too near," he would say. "There's no use all of us running risks."

A week went by, and the worst seemed over. On the tenth day, however, the doctor was far from well. His temperature rose, and the fever increased. In the evening, his friend, Dr. Russell Young, came to see him.

"Look out, Young," he called. "The spit has come"—and there on his lips was the fatal froth of blood. The Black Plague had laid its fell grip on the heroic doctor himself. Everything that could be done was done for him. One day more, and the fight was over. He was gone.

Moukden was stunned. Of all the 46,000 victims of the Plague, no other death made so profound an impression on the Chinese, near and far. At the Memorial Service in the British Consulate, attended by the chief men of the capital, both Chinese and foreign, the aged Confucian Viceroy, Hsi Liang, uttered this wonderful prayer:

" O Spirit of Dr. Jackson, we pray you to intercede for the twenty millions of Manchuria, and ask the Lord of Heaven to take away this pestilence, so that we may once more lay our heads in peace upon our pillows. In life you were brave, now you are an exalted Spirit. Noble Spirit, who sacrificed your life for us, help us still and look down in kindness upon us all."

The Viceroy, whose sorrow was " beyond all words" reported the death to the Throne for recognition, and sent ten thousand dollars to the doctor's bereaved mother as an expression of sympathy. Mrs. Jackson immediately devoted the money to the Moukden Medical College, where her son was to have been a teacher. The west wing of the college was thus built in memory of him.

Arthur Jackson, who had gone out, " believing that by serving China he might best serve God," laid down his life at the age of twenty-six. His willing sacrifice opened the eyes of the Chinese. The central fact of our religion, Christ Crucified for our salvation, came home to their hearts with power.

" And yet," as one of the Chinese newspapers said, " he is not truly dead." This world is only the beginning of our life. Arthur Jackson is alive in the presence of his Lord.

CHAPTER X

THE STRUGGLE AHEAD

" His name shall be called Prince of Peace."

" Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity."

The two brothers had not met for over a year. During that time, the elder, Liu Kingdom Big, had been studying in Tokio, Japan. So ardent a patriot was he that he led an agitation among the Chinese students in Tokio against what they regarded as the unjust Japanese treatment of their country. For this he was imprisoned. On his release he returned to his home in Manchuria. The younger, Liu Kingdom Clean, was a Christian, and taught in a Mission School. Though the brothers differed in their religious views, they were very fond of each other. In the following discussion, Kingdom Big will be designated *B*, Kingdom Clean *C*.

B (with a sigh). " Our republic is going to the dogs."

C. " What's the matter ?"

B. " All the great nations are stealing our territory. There's only one hope for us."

C. " What is it ?"

B. " For a hundred years we have been battered, first by Europe, then by Japan. If we do not raise a large army and protect ourselves, our country will be lost."

C. "Will the League of Nations not be on the side of the weak?"

B. "Perhaps. At any rate, America is our best friend. It was from her we took our republican ideas. But not even America can prevent Japan from absorbing Manchuria. You see, they all despise us, because we have not an army large enough to assert our rights. Look at Russia and Japan calmly fighting out their quarrel on *our* soil. It makes me weep to think of our utter weakness."

C. "Certainly that war taught us a lesson. It taught us the value of education. Everybody thinks the Japanese won because they were educated in a modern way."

B. "Yes, and it proved to us the new gospel that Might is Right. Just consider the position in the world Japan has gained since then. Is it because her conduct has improved? No, it is because the world knows she has powerful military and naval forces. She has the Might, no matter about the Right."

C. "You wish us, then, to imitate Japan?"

B. "That is so, yet not out of any love for our grasping neighbour. You know very well that we all hate her. But you mark my words—we are going to learn her secret, and raise a far bigger army than little Japan."

C. "What for?"

B (angrily). "To fight Japan and the nations of Europe that have been robbing and oppressing us! The Boxers had reason on their side, though they were a bit wild and rather foolish. Their real fault was that they were weak. Next time we rise, we shall manage things better. Look

at the Boxer indemnity they punished us with —still after all these years a millstone round our necks. Next time it will not be the Chinese who will do the paying !"

C. " Will you go to war with Japan first ?"

B. " I do not know. We cannot go to war with any great power, until we have had training from Japan. Of course, it would be better if all the *yellow* races could combine. Then they would make short work of the *White Peril.* But by ourselves, with an army of twenty millions, and that is only one person out of every five of our families, we could easily face Europe and Japan together."

C. " Do you really think so large an army could be raised among us ?"

B. " Most certainly I do. If you do not believe me, just listen to what the English Lord Wolseley says of us: 'I have always thought them to be the coming rulers of the world. They only want a Chinese Peter the Great or Napoleon to make them so. They have every quality required for the good soldier.' There ! Isn't that grand ? Only fancy, *the coming rulers of the world !* Are you not convinced ?"

C. " Well, I agree with you that there is a *White Peril.* Our country has been treated very badly by the Christian nations of Europe, but—— "

B. " But what ?"

C. " There is a better way than yours. The ancient greatness of China has not been in the prowess of war. It has been in the arts of peace. I doubt if any nation on earth detests war as bitterly as we do. We have not cultivated the

martial qualities. In fact, as you know, we despise them. In what country, except ours, does a soldier rank with a hangman, since both are paid to kill ?* Why not, then, become a leading nation in a different sense from yours ?"

B. " I do not understand."

C. " Why not set an entirely new example to the world ? Can we not at least by our refusal to trust in Might, teach the Western nations what their religion has hitherto failed to teach them—to give up war ?"

B (astonished). " Whew—ew ! So *that* is your idea."

C. " Yes, is it not China's real mission to teach the world to live in peace ?"†

B (with a sneer). " And you would allow the British to remain in Hongkong, which they stole from us ! If that is Christianity, *I* shall never be a Christian. Do you suppose I am going to love my enemies ? No, I am going to live and die for my own country. According to your way, no Christian can be a patriot."

C (gently). " Are you sure ? No one loved his country more than Jesus, but he declined to fight for it against the tyrant Rome. Let us then show the world that a nation can be great and powerful without an army or a navy."

* " You do not take good iron to make nails, nor good men to make soldiers."

" Soldiers have to be fed for a thousand days to be used on one."—*Chinese Proverbs.*

† " China in many ways is in advance of the West. Her delegate at the Hague startled the swashbucklers of Europe by asking the question, ' How if a nation refused its neighbour's challenge ?' The answer was an outburst of laughter."—Dr. R. J. Gordon in *The Missionary Herald*, November, 1915.

B (hotly). "It cannot be done. The robber Governments, East and West, would continue, as they have been doing, to take advantage of our weakness. Besides, our enormous population is continually on the increase. Australia is almost empty. There is plenty of room there for our surplus people. We are going to send our labourers to Australia. The world belongs to us just as much as to the domineering whites. We are going to insist on the same rights as white men. All this is impossible without an army large enough to command respect or even fear. Believe me, the old Chinese virtues of patience and forbearance are played out."

C (in a low voice). "My brother, will you listen to me? There is truth in what you say, but it is the sort of truth that has led Europe along the path to destruction. If you will consider our recent history, you will see how God has been guiding us towards a more excellent way. When our women were mere chattels, the missionaries came and taught our girls to read, and now the Government has established girls' schools everywhere. When we had no pity on our sick, the foreign doctors welcomed them into their hospitals, and healed them. Why is the cruel custom of footbinding going out of fashion? It is because the missionaries led us to give it up. We take credit for getting rid of the awful opium curse within ten years, and we blame England for forcing the 'Foreign Smoke' upon us. And indeed, the fight against opium is the most wonderful miracle in our recent history. But, after all, as I heard the Head of the Foreign Office in Moukden say at a public meeting, the sup-

pression of this curse was due to Christianity.* In every famine, who is to the fore in the relief work ? Is is not the missionaries ?"

B. " You need not disparage your own countrymen. Our people contribute willingly to famine and flood relief, quite apart from any Christian influence."

C. " The Chinese are, I admit, generous and ready to do good works. But our whole society is honeycombed with corruption. The mandarins are the worst. Where are we to find honesty and purity ? Do you not know that some of our leading statesmen are convinced that Christianity alone can save our country ? For instance, there is C. T. Wang, one of the two principal Chinese delegates to the Peace Conference at Paris. *He* puts his Christianity first. When Vice-President of the Senate in Peking, he used to hold Bible-classes for members of parliament. Have you not heard of the vast throngs of students in the large cities, who attended Eddy's meetings to hear the Gospel preached ? In Peking I myself saw four thousand in one huge pavilion. Hundreds of these have already entered the Christian Church. Surely you are aware that Dr. Sun Yat-sen, first Provisional President of the Republic, is a follower of Jesus. When the Manchu Government had kidnapped him and shut him up in their Legation in London, his testimony was:

* After opium came morphia from England via Japan. The Morphia Refuge, opened with Government aid in Dr. Gordon's Hospital, Kuanchengtze, has been an object-lesson. " Many men, who had otherwise no hope nor prospect before them but an early grave, have now got a new chance, a new outlook, a new hope."—Rev. W. H. Gillespie, in " The Story of 1916."

'But for the comfort afforded me by prayer, I should have gone mad.'"

B. "Are you trying to make out that the bulk of the Chinese are renouncing their ancestral faith and rapidly coming to your way of thinking?"

C. "No, I do not go so far as that. All I say is that our educated men, especially the young men, are coming more and more clearly to see that China's true vocation cannot be found apart from Jesus Christ, and that God is leading us towards our true vocation. Have you forgotten that our Government invited the Christian Churches of China, Catholic and Protestant, to observe April 27, 1913, as a day of prayer for the nation? I tell you, it is *character* that we need. The lath-and-plaster gods in the tumble-down temples are unable to help us. Real out-and-out Christianity is the only hope for our beloved land."

B (sadly). "My dear boy, I don't believe in lath-and-plaster gods any more than you do. But neither do I believe in your religion."

C. "Please tell me, then, what it is you believe in."

B. "The religion of most of those educated, as I have been, in Japan, and indeed, so far as I know, of most of the younger intelligent Chinese, is—*science*. No more superstition of any kind for us, native or foreign. When education in our sense has covered all the provinces we *must*, by our numbers and our ability, dominate the world. (Raising his voice.) We shall *never* consent to be mere coolies and slaves to be kicked about by the military powers. Since our labourers came back from France, they have

spread some stories of their treatment, that make my blood boil. Chinese *never* shall be slaves!"

C. "I am afraid, my brother, you have given up the good teaching of our ancient sages. *They* would not have approved of your new faith in mere brute force. They taught virtue and morality. Your belief, if you will pardon my saying so, is in material, not spiritual, power."

B. "And as for you, you are no longer a good Chinese citizen. Your own country means nothing to you."

C. "My brother, let us shake hands. You sincerely love the Fatherland. You would assert our claims by force of arms. I know that multitudes of our young men are of your opinion. One cannot blame them. But now that the League of Nations is bringing in a better day, my hope is that China will be true to her own past history, and not forfeit Christ's blessing on the peacemakers. I have tried to show you that China is a nation chosen and preserved for thousands of years by God, for a special purpose."

B. "Would you have me believe that we have been made by far the biggest and oldest nation on the face of the earth, in order to show a stiff-necked world that Right, without Might, is the true way of life?"

C. (joyously). "That is exactly my meaning. In other words, our national mission is, first to absorb, and then to propagate, the Christian Gospel of Love and Peace."

Here, then, is the Great Adventure—to go forth, leaving home and kindred, into the regions beyond, in order to win men and women who

worship other gods and speak an alien tongue, to persuade them by the power of loving service to come back from the far country to the joy of their own Father's House. Fifty years ago the call of the Farthest East sounded in the ears of the Irish Church. At once the Church responded to the call. For the pioneers it was an uphill fight. After twenty years' sowing of the seed with blood and tears, the fields began to grow white unto harvest. In the later days God granted to us marvellous success.

We are proud of our Mission. Perhaps nowhere is there a happier family than the widely scattered missionary group of Manchuria. Harmony among the labourers abroad, thorough co-operation with the wise leaders who hold the ropes at home, the trust of the generous Irish Church repaid by affection and zeal—who would not be glad to be among us !

And the new world of to-day brings a fresh call for recruits. All the help that we can send for the uplift of China was never more urgently needed than it is just now. Which turn of the road will the largest Republic take ? Towards militarism and a world-catastrophe, or towards brotherhood and universal peace ?

Twenty-four years ago, five Student Volunteers offered themselves together for our Foreign Mission, asking to be sent abroad at any salary the Board chose to give. The Church was stirred by the unusual offer of so many men at once. All five were commissioned to go forth, three to India, two to China. Three of them had been cup-team football players for the Royal Academical Institution of Belfast. These and many

others were members of the Student Movement and had signed the declaration:

"It is my purpose, if God permit, to become a foreign missionary."

The inspiration of that Volunteer pledge makes its appeal to the heroic instinct that is somewhere hidden in all of us.

> "The Son of God goes forth to war;
> Who follows in His train?"

And nowhere does the appeal find a readier response than in the Island, from which, during six centuries, the light of the Gospel spread over pagan Gaul and Britain. Once upon a time, three Irishmen were washed on the shores of Cornwall and carried to King Alfred, who tells us in his chronicle:

"They came in a boat without oars from Hibernia, whence they had stolen away, because for the love of God they would be on pilgrimage —they recked not where. The boat in which they fared was wrought of three hides and a half, and they took with them enough meat for seven nights."

> "The little road says go,
> The little house says stay;
> And oh! it's bonny here at home,
> But I must go away."

Deep down in our hearts, in early youth, we hear the whisper of the immense Unknown. The desire for adventure is in our blood. The mysterious world lies at our feet. Then over the restless tumult of our life comes the gentle voice, unmistakable and clear. Jesus calls. No King is listened to so gladly. No commander is

obeyed with such devotion. "Stay," is His command to some. "Go," He says to others. And if to us His word is "Go," then with a thrill we follow Him away to the Front, into the thick of the battle of the Kingdom, the highest and the happiest service known to man.

Hymn of the Girl's Auxiliary for Foreign Missions of the Irish Church, written by Miss Helen Waddell, M.A., daughter of our first clerical missionary to Manchuria.

Lover of souls and Lord of all the living,
Whose service maketh free,
Hear us who once again ourselves are giving
Thy servants sure to be.

Thou Who dost bear the whole world's tribulation
Upon Thy heart alone,
Thou Who hast bought us by Thy Cross and Passion,
And chosen us for Thine own,

Show us Thyself, that we may know their sorrow
Who have not seen Thy face,
Show us their darkness, and the radiant morrow
Of Thine eternal grace.

Show us the love wherewith Thy heart is burning,
The travail of Thy soul,
Grant us to share Thy heart's desire and yearning
That Thou mightst make them whole.

Make strong our hands, by Thine own great hand grasping,
Avail and guide our youth.
Grant to us now life that is everlasting,
And then, to know Thy truth.

TABLE OF DATES

1840. Union of two Synods to form the Irish Presbyterian Church.
Founding of Foreign Mission to India.
Rev. J. Morgan, D.D., Foreign Mission Convener. (Died, 1873.)
1841. First Opium War.
1842. Treaty of Nanking, which made the first breach in China's wall of seclusion.
1851. Beginning of Taiping Rebellion, which lasted for four-
1857. Second Opium War. [teen years.
1858. Treaty of Tientsin signed.
1867. Rev. W. C. Burns, M.A., landed at Newchwang.
1868. Death of Rev. W. C. Burns at Newchwang.
1869. Rev. Hugh Waddell, M.A. and Dr. J. M. Hunter arrived in Newchwang.
1870. Massacre at Tientsin.
1871. Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson, D.D., Foreign Mission Convener. (Died 1886.)
Rev. Hugh Waddell resigned.
1872. Legal toleration of Christianity more firmly established in China.
1873. Zenana Mission founded.
1874. Rev. James Carson, B.A.
1877. Famine in North China and South Manchuria.
First two baptisms, Newchwang.
1883. Rev. Wilfred W. Shaw, M.A.
1884. Dr. Hunter died on his way home from China.
1885. Rev. T. C. Fulton, M.A., D.D.
1886. Rev. W. Park, D.D., Foreign Mission Convener. (Resigned 1902.)
Floods and famine in Manchuria.
1888. Serious floods; dire distress.
Judge Barkley, LL.D., Foreign Mission Convener. (Died 1903.)
1889. West Moukden opened as Residential Centre.
Dr. J. A. Greig.
Miss Nicholson. (Married Rev. D. T. Robertson 1896).
1890. Mrs. Robert Brown, Editor of *Woman's Work* (till her death in 1918.)

1890 Union with United Free Church Mission.
Rev. J. H. Fitzsimons, B.A.
Dr. J. L. Brander.

1891. Formation of Chinese Presbytery (later the Synod of the Church of Manchuria).
Chinchow (now Chinhsien) and Kuanchengtze opened as Centres.
Attack on Dr. Greig.
Rev. J. H. Fitzsimons died.
Rev. Wilfred W. Shaw resigned.
Miss Kennedy. (Resigned 1892.)
Miss Couser. (Resigned 1892.)

1892. Rev. W. H. Gillespie, M.A.

1893. Rev. R. J. Gordon, M.A., M.B.
Kirin opened as Centre.

1894. Inauguration of Theological Training Scheme for Chinese Evangelists.
Japan's Declaration of War with China.
Attack upon, by soldiers in Liaoyang, and death of, Rev. J. A. Wylie.
Missionaries leave interior and take up residence in Newchwang.
Rev. John Keers, B.A.
Miss Grills. (Married Rev. W. H. Gillespie 1895.)

1895. Kuangning opened as Centre.
Rev. A. R. Crawford, M.A.
Rev. J. Omelvena, B.A.
Proclamation of Peace between Japan and China.

1896. Ordination of Pastor Liu, Moukden, first Chinese Pastor.
Dr. B. L. Livingstone-Learmonth.
Dr. Annie Gillespie. (Died 1897, at Kuanchengtze.)
Dr. Sara B. McMordie. (Married Rev. John Keers 1899.)
Miss Elsie McMordie.

1897. Miss S. J. McWilliams.
Rev. F. W. S. O'Neill, M.A.

1898. Ruissan Railway through Manchuria begun.
Miss Isabel M. Philip, B.A. (Married Rev. Wm. MacNaughtan 1904.)
Rev. Wm. Miskelly, M.A.

1899. Theological College, Moukden, founded.
Kuyushu and Hsinmintun opened as Centres.
Dr. Margaret E. McNeill. (Honorary from 1912.)
Dr. D. L. Fisher.
Rev. Andrew Weir, B.A.

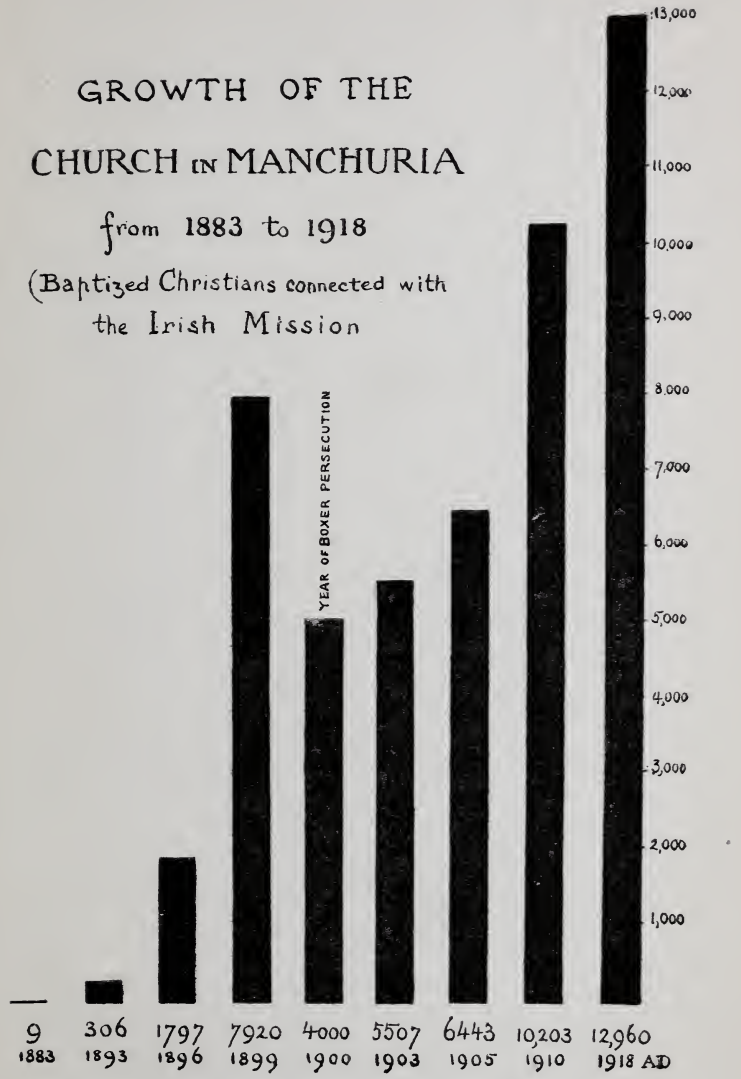
TABLE OF DATES

1900. Fakumen opened as Centre.
Dr. J. R. Gillespie.
Dr. Emma M. Crooks.
The Boxer Rising. Martyrdom of many Christians.
Destruction of Mission property.
Russian occupation of Manchuria.
1902. Manchuria Christian College, Moukden, founded.
Dr. D. L. Fisher resigned.
Rev. J. Irwin, D.D., Foreign Mission Convener.
1903. Miss Ella Wallace. (Married Dr. Greig 1904.)
1904. Outbreak of Russo-Japanese War.
Dr. Isabel D. Mitchell.
Dr. Walter M. Phillips. (Honorary from 1910.)
Thos. Irwin, Esq., Foreign Mission Convener. (Resigned 1909.)
1905. Miss Margaret Grills, B.A. (Married Rev. A. Weir 1917.)
Dr. Brander resigned.
1906. Dr. Elizabeth Beatty. (Honorary from 1912.)
Dr. Mary Eva Simms. (Married Rev. A. Weir 1909. Died 1915.)
1907. Rev. James McWhirter, M.A.
Ordination of Pastor Chen, Chinchiatun, first Pastor of Irish Mission.
1908. Dr. J. R. Gillespie resigned.
The Great Revival.
1909. Miss Jeanette W. Rogers (honorary).
Rev. George Thompson, D.D., Foreign Mission Con-
1910. Miss Georgina Grills. [vener.
Rev. James Stevenson, M.A.
Opening of New Building, Manchuria Christian College.
1911. Girls' Normal College, Moukden, founded.
Outbreak of Pneumonic Plague.
Death of Dr. Arthur Jackson.
Revolution.
Y.M.C.A. for Students begun in Kirin.
1912. Overthrow of Manchu Dynasty. Republic established.
Opening of Union Medical College, Moukden.
Dr. Marion Macintyre.
Rev. W. M. Cargin, B.A.
1913. Chinese Government issues request for Prayer to all Christian Communities within its jurisdiction.
Miss Rosa Hudson.

1913 Rev. T. M. Barker, B.A.
Rev. R. K. Lyle, M.A.
1914. Rev. A. R. Crawford resigned.
Rev. James McCammon, M.A.
1915. New Building for Theological College, Moukden, opened.
Miss Florence Crawford, B.A.
1917. Dr. Elizabeth Beatty resigned.
Dr. Isabel D. Mitchell died.
Chinese Labour Corps arrived in France. Several Irish missionaries took part under the Y.M.C.A. in ministering to the Chinese coolies.
1918. Normal College, Hsinmintun, adopted by Conference.

List of Stations.	*Irish Missionaries in Residence*, 1918.
1. Chinhsien. (Chinchow.)	Rev. J. and Mrs. Keers (followed by Rev. J. and Mrs. McCammon).
	Miss R. Hudson.
2. Kuangning.	Rev. W. and Mrs. Hunter.
	Miss J. Rogers (honorary).
3. Hsinmintun.	Rev. J. Omelvena.
4. Fakumen.	Rev. J. Stevenson.
	Miss S. J. McWilliams.
	Dr. Marion Macintyre.
5. Moukden West.	Rev. Dr. T. C. and Mrs. Fulton.
	Rev. W. and Mrs. Miskelly.
	Rev. T. M. and Mrs. Barker.
6. Kuanchengtze.	Rev. W. H. Gillespie.
	Dr. Margaret E. McNeill (honorary).
	Miss F. Crawford.
7. Kirin.	Rev. J. and Mrs. McWhirter.
	Rev. W. M. Cargin.
	Dr. J. A. and Mrs. Greig.
	Miss E. C. McMordie.
	Dr. Emma M. Crooks.
8. Kuyushu.	Rev. A. and Mrs. Weir (temporarily in Kuanchengtze).
9. Newchwang.	Rev. J. and Mrs. Carson.
	Dr. W. and Mrs. Phillips (honorary).

On Furlough.—Rev. Dr. R. J. and Mrs. Gordon Rev. R. K. and Mrs. Lyle, Rev. F. W. S. and Mrs. O'Neill, Dr. Basil L. and Dr. Agnes Livingstone-Learmonth, Miss G. Grills.


GROWTH OF THE
CHURCH IN MANCHURIA
from 1883 to 1918
(Baptized Christians connected with
the Irish Mission
YEAR OF BOXER PERSECUTION
13,000
12,000
11,000
10,000
9,000
8,000
7,000
6,000
5,000
4,000
3,000
2,000
1,000
9 1883
306 1893
1797 1896
7920 1899
4000 1900
5507 1903
6443 1905
10,203 1910
12,960 1918 AD

STATISTICS OF THE IRISH PRESBYTERIAN MISSION, MANCHURIA, FOR 1918

(1) General

Stations.	*Min. Missionaries.*	*Doctors.*	*Zenana Miss'aries.*	*Total.*	*Out-stations.*	*Chinese Ordained Pastors.*	*Chinese Employed by Mission.*	*Chinese Employed by Native Church.*	*Communicants, Men.*	*Communicants, Women.*	*Baptized Non-communicants.*	*Baptized during the Year.*	*Total Christian Community.*	*Sunday-schools.*	*S. S. Pupils.*	*Chinese Contributions.*
																£
Chinhsien .. (Chinchow)	1	—	2	3	17	1	40	1	813	358	199	30	1,489	11	357	187
Kuangning ..	1	—	2	3	27	—	45	—	905	379	220	12	1,766	27	400	167
Hsinmintun ..	1	—	—	1	22	1	69	2	1,100	475	425	8	2,122	7	235	147
Newchwang ..	1	1	2	4	14	1	40	1	523	283	120	99	1,176	10	400	183
Moukden ..	3	—	3	6	5	1	23	1	386	211	249	73	944	5	140	90
Fakumen ..	1	—	2	3	18	2	48	2	502	243	141	31	1,269	14	324	189
Kuanchengtze	1	—	3	4	15	1	42	1	665	347	293	28	1,605	2	100	79
Kirin ..	2	1	4	7	16	1	61	6	534	192	183	77	1,103	3	120	287
Kuyushu ..	1	—	1	2	23	1	38	3	738	291	157	53	1,486	1	70	288
Totals ..	12	2	19	33	157	9	406	17	6,166	2,779	1,987	411	12,960	80	2,146	1,617

STATISTICS OF THE IRISH PRESBYTERIAN MISSION, MANCHURIA, FOR 1918

(2) Educational

Stations.	*Lower Primary Schools.*	*Lower Primary Pupils, Boys.*	*Lower Primary Pupils, Girls.*	*Lower Primary Pupils, Total.*	*Higher Primary Schools.*	*Higher Primary Pupils, Boys.*	*Higher Primary Pupils, Girls.*	*Higher Primary Pupils, Total.*	*Middle Schools.*	*Middle Pupils, Boys.*	*Middle Pupils, Girls.*	*Middle Pupils, Total.*	*Total under Christian Teaching.*	*Chinese Fees, £.*
														£
Chinhsien (Chinchow) ..	8	65	108	173	2	17	12	29	1	10	—	10	212	201
Kuangning ..	8	156	46	202	2	30	20	50	1	6	—	6	258	125
Hsinmintun ..	24	455	138	593	2	18	25	43	2	45	14	59	695	330
Newchwang ..	7	110	67	177	—	—	—	—	1	35	—	35	212	10
Moukden ..	6	50	118	168	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	210	—
Fakumen ..	14	178	222	400	6	31	24	55	—	—	—	—	465	208
Kuanchengtze ..	5	60	100	160	2	10	20	30	1	4	—	4	194	10
Kirin	4	20	40	60	1	—	10	10	—	—	—	—	108	46
Kuyushu ..	9	140	65	205	2	53	—	53	1	5	—	5	263	130
Totals ..	85	1,234	904	2,138	17	159	111	270	7	105	14	119	2,617	1,060

Note.—Manchuria Christian College, 42 Students. Moukden Theological College, 15 Students. These are Union colleges. Moukden Medical College, 102 Students. (Founded by U.F. Church of Scotland.)

STATISTICS OF THE IRISH PRESBYTERIAN MISSION, MANCHURIA, FOR 1918

(3) Medical

Stations.	*Men's Hospitals.*	*Women's Hospitals.*	*In-Patients, Men.*	*In-Patients, Women.*	*Operations.*	*Out-Patients, Men.*	*Out-Patients, Women & Children.*	*Return Visits, Men.*	*Return Visits, Women.*	*Visits to Homes.*	*Foreign Income, £.*	*Chinese Subscriptions, £.*	*Chinese Fees, £.*	*Expenditure, £.*
											£	£	£	£
Kuangning ..	—	1	30	3	72	1,236	526	—	—	—	100	5	17	122
Hsinmintun ..	1	—	303	—	251	3,885	—	10,973	—	—	248	152	58	601
Newchwang ..	1	1	365	—	510	3,631	—	7,919	—	—	192	150	125	1,068
Fakumen ..	—	1	—	50	125	—	950	—	2,251	155	—	—	—	—
Kuanchengtze, Women's.	—	1	—	170	195	—	810	—	543	57	92	—	262	417
Kuanchengtze, Men's.	1	—	189	—	217	1,928	—	3,556	—	10	23	338	215	773
Kirin, Women's	—	1	—	176	167	—	3,242	—	3,937	375	77	20	15	198
Kirin, Men's ..	1	—	416	—	396	5,039	—	4,808	—	312	255	17	252	787
Total ..	4	5*	1,303	399	1,933	15,719	5,528	27,256	6,731	909	987	682	944	3,966

* Chinhsien Women's Hospital was open during the year, under trained Chinese women dispensers. Fakumen had a resident doctor for part of the year. Chinese qualified medical men were in charge of Kuangning and Hsinmintun Hospitals.

SOME COMPARISONS

STATISTICS OF SYNOD OF MANCHURIA (U.F. AND I. P. MISSIONS).

	1907.	1915.	1918.
Ordained Chinese Pastors ..	7	15	19
Baptisms during the Year ..	1,474	1,209	978
Total baptized on Roll	16,391	25,776	30,026
Christian Schools	162	215	231
Pupils	2,845	5,086	5,860

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE CHINESE, INCLUDING MEDICAL AND SCHOOL FEES, 1918.

	£
United Free Church Mission	4,803
Irish Presbyterian Mission	4,303
Total..	9,106

NUMBER OF MISSIONARIES IN UNITED FREE CHURCH, IRISH PRESBYTERIAN, AND DANISH LUTHERAN, MISSIONS.

	1905.	1915.
Men	36	68
Women	41	87
Total	77	155

QUESTIONS

CHAPTER I

1. Why did our Church choose Manchuria as a Mission Field ?
2. Do you prefer travelling or sedentary work ?
3. Measure on the Map the distance from Newchwang to Kuanchengtze.
4. Point out Hunchun, Ninguta, and Hailar.
5. What is the Chinese idea of hell ?
6. Mention three methods used by Dr. Hunter to spread the Gospel.
7. What was the twofold plan of the first missionary to the heathen ?

CHAPTER II

1. Show how Jesus was the Ideal Medical Missionary.
2. Why was the treatment of the delirious woman so cruel ?
3. What were the objections of the Mayor of Kirin against [Christians ?
4. Explain "mandarin" and "yamen."

5. How did Yin Hsi reach Kirin ?
6. Compare medical with evangelistic work.
7. Which branch of the Mission do you prefer to subscribe to ?

Chapter III

1. Are the Chinese civilized ?
2. What do you know of the teaching of Confucius ?
3. Why are ancestors worshipped ?
4. What led to the awakening of China ?
5. Explain the First Beatitude.
6. Is popularity or unpopularity the surer test of the coming of the Kingdom ? Illustrate your answer from the life of Christ.
7. Apart from the influence of Christianity, are there any truly religious people ?

Chapter IV

1. Is martyrdom confined to heathen countries ?
2. Explain " Boxer," " Number One Devil," " recant."
3. Name the two chief martyrs of Manchuria.
4. Prior to the Boxer Rising, what provocation had the Chinese ?
5. Compare the Chinese Empress with Queen Victoria.
6. Did the Persecution do good ?
7. In your opinion, should the murderers have been punished ?

Chapter V

1. What is meant by " the Citadel of the Kingdom ?"
2. What Missions combined to form the Synod of Manchuria ? When ?
3. In what way does the Native Church propagate the Gospel ?
4. How many belonged to the Church of Manchuria in 1915 ?
5. State the Chinese remedy for drought.
6. Give your idea of a Christian home.
7. From the list at the back, count up the number on the staff of the Irish Mission.

Chapter VI

1. Give examples of Revival from the Bible.
2. Mention three characteristics of the Revival in Manchuria.
3. " Confess your sins one to another "—explain.
4. What do you know of Korea ?
5. Is sudden conversion common in China ?

6. Does consecration bring (*a*) joy, or (*b*) work.
7. Should enemies be forgiven ?
8. For the money you give to God, do you expect any return ?

Chapter VII

1. Mention some peculiarities of the Chinese language.
2. What mental faculty was highly cultivated by the old
3. What is Hsinmintun noted for ? [school-system ?
4. How are non-Christian students reached ?
5. State the meaning of the Red Triangle.
6. What kinds of Mission effort are in use in Kirin ?
7. Can you be saved by education ?

Chapter VIII

1. Has the suppression of opium any lesson for us ?
2. How did Mr. Teng and Mr. Shang become Christians ?
3. Are the Chinese clean ?
4. Show the heroism of Mr. Shang during the Plague.
5. What salary is paid to a Native Pastor ?
6. Can women come to the front in China ?
7. Of the four whose lives are sketched in this chapter which do you like best ?

Chapter IX

1. What qualifications are required in a missionary ?
2. Give two answers to Dr. Beatty's prayers. Have you ever had an answer to prayer ?
3. Why is Newchwang a difficult place ?
4. How long has Mr. Carson been a missionary ?
5. What was Dr. Mitchell's recreation ?
6. Should Dr. Mitchell's Sunday school not be imitated in
7. How did Dr. Jackson meet his death ? [Ireland ?
8. What are *you* going to be ?

Chapter X

1. What country does China (a) admire most, (b) dislike most ?
2. Is Might Right ?
3. Is there (a) a White Peril, (b) a Yellow Peril ?
4. Are coloured people on an equality with white ?
5. Name two Christian Chinese statesman.
6. Is patriotism possible without war ?
7. Should good nations combine with bad nations to form a
8. What is the Student Volunteer Declaration ? [league ?
9. Would you like to be a missionary ?

BRIEF BIBLIOGRAPHY

Islay Burns: Memoir of Rev. W. C. Burns. (Nisbet, 1870.)
Graham: East of the Barrier. (Oliphant, 1902.)
Ross: Mission Methods in Manchuria. (Oliphant, 1903.)
Ross: The Original Religion of China. (Oliphant, 1909.)
Webster: Times of Blessing in Manchuria. (U.F. Church Offices, 1909.)
Costain: The Life of Dr. Arthur Jackson. (Hodder and Stoughton, 1911.)
Costain: The Daybreak Call. (U.C.M.E., 1913.)
Robertson: Our Mission in Manchuria. (U.F. Church Offices, 1913.)
Boyd: Manchuria and Our Mission There. (Strain, Belfast, 1908.)
Christie: Thirty Years in Mukden. (Constable, 1914.)
Smith: The Uplift of China. (U.C.M.E., 1914.)
Lambert: The Romance of Missionary Heroism. (Seeley, 1912.)
Bitton, The Regeneration of New China. (U.C.M.E., 1914.)
Creighton: Missions. (Home Univ. Libr., Williams and Norgate, 1912.)
Soothill: The Three Religions of China. (Hodder and Stoughton, 1913.)
De Groot: The Religions of the Chinese. (Macmillan, 1910.)
Campbell Brown: The Children of China. (Oliphant, 1909.)
Campbell Brown: China in Legend and Story. (Oliphant, 1907.)
Campbell Brown: A Chinese St. Francis. (Hodder, 1911.)
Nairne: Yarns on Heroes of China. (U.C.M.E., 1914.)
Eddy: The New Era in Asia. (U.C.M.E., 1914.)
O'Neill: Dr. Isabel Mitchell of Manchuria. (J. Clarke, 1917.)
Hosie: Manchuria. (Methuen, 1901.)
Broomhall: The Chinese Empire. (Morgan and Scott, 1907.)
Putnam Weale: The Coming Struggle in East Asia. (Macmillan, 1909.)
E. A. Ross: The Changing Chinese. (Unwin, 1911.)
Giles: The Civilisation of China. (Home Univ. Lib., Williams and Norgate, 1911.)
Giles: China and the Manchus. (Cambridge Univ. Press, 1912.)
Coleman: The Far East Unveiled. (Cassell, 1918.)
Smith: Chinese Characteristics. (Oliphant, 1894.)
Lovett: James Gilmour of Mongolia. (R.T.S., 1893.)
Moody: Saints of Formosa. (Oliphant, 1912.)

BILLING AND SONS, LTD., PRINTERS, GUILDFORD, ENGLAND.

DATE DUE

~~ILL #~~ MAIL			
~~date due~~ July 31, 1987			

DEMCO 38-297

BW8403.2 .058
The call of the East : sketches from the
Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library
1 1012 00038 1063